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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 21, 1879.

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☞ Office over the First National Bank. Entrance on 11th avenue, second door from 12th street, Altoona, April 22, 1881.-tf.

AT
WANAMAKER'S

Visitors to Philadelphia are invited to visit the store, whether to see or to buy. Your parcels are checked; a waiting-room is provided, where you may rest with ladies and children; guides conduct you through the house, or you wander at will; there are many things of interest to see, and a welcome.

For two years, perhaps, we have had the richest, largest, most varied and most exhaustive collection of dress-goods in Philadelphia. Before that, we may have had the largest, and even the most exhaustive, but perhaps not the richest. The slowest trade to come to a new merchant is the trade of luxury. It is the slowest to change from one to another. But it does change.

We may say our dress-goods of all sorts are at about their highest now.
Second and third circles, southeast from center.

Silks of all sorts have come; and never were silks more acceptable. And these words have a meaning here beyond any they could have elsewhere; because of the greater variety of wants that look to us for supply. We must have all accepted styles, and all the approved qualities of those styles; and, as to colors, can you think of one that we can do without?

A store that has only one class of trade can get along with comparatively few silks. Which stock would you rather buy out of?
Next outer circle, south entrance to main building.

Two damask towels at 15 and 18 cents may serve to show what we gain by buying of the makers. The very same towels are in the wholesale trade in New York at about 21 and 22 cents, which means at least 25 cents at retail.

We are not going to say that all our retail prices are below New York wholesale; nothing of the sort. "More than one swallow to make a summer." But where such towels are to be got for 15 cents is a good place to look for bed and table-linen, and all the other linens. That's what we mean exactly; it's true, too.
Outer circle. City-hall square entrance.

A very wide and surprisingly good navy-blue twilled flannel for 50 cents; 45-inch.

Do you remember a 35-cent flannel for 25 cents, of which we had 18,000 yards last fall? Afterward we got 7,000 yards more of it; and a little of it is left yet. That is 23-inch. This wide flannel is fully as good as that.
Third circle, southeast from center.

All the warmer sorts of underwear are ready; for men, women and children; thick-cotton, merino, wool, and silk. All the sorts needed for all sorts of people with all sorts of notions; and, for people who want it, there is quite a little wit about underwear to be picked up at the counter. Where else would you look for it? Not in books surely; for goods are changing all the time; and so get ahead of books.
West of Arcade, 1313 Chestnut; West counter.

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PHILADELPHIA.
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accessible by horse cars from everywhere

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I have on hand, ready for sale, a lot of those justly celebrated ONE-HORSE ENDLESS CHAIN
Tread Powers and Threshers,
Also, a few TWO-HORSE POWERS and
THRESHERS AND WINNOWERS
(Separaters), which I will dispose of at reasonable prices. The merits of these Machines are so well and widely known that I need only say they are warranted to give perfect satisfaction. These Machines are a part of the unfinished stock left among the effects of my deceased brother, Joshua Gilbert, and therefore they will be sold cheap.
☞ Sale rooms on the Fair ground, near the Altoona Car Works. For further information call on or address FREDERICK GILBERT.
Sept. 15, '82-2m. Box 785, ALTOONA, PA.

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will cure dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, kidney disease, liver complaint, and other wasting diseases.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
enriches the blood and purifies the system; cures weakness, lack of energy, etc. Try a bottle.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
is the only Iron preparation that does not color the teeth, and will not cause headache or constipation, as other Iron preparations will.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
Ladies and all sufferers from neuralgia, hysteria, and kindred complaints, will find it without an equal.

LEICESTER LAMBS FOR SALE!

I HAVE FOR SALE
10 FINE LAMBS!
which were dropped in April and May—six Ewe Lambs and four Bucks—of pure Leicester blood. The sire of these Lambs was one year old last April, and I clipped 12½ pounds of wool from him last May. The ewes that raised these Lambs were imported from Canada by Isaac S. Train, having been selected and purchased by that gentleman from some of the best sheep raisers in that province. I may also add that the grandsire of these Lambs was owned by Mr. Train and weighed 325 pounds.
☞ I will sell these Lambs singly or all together, as purchasers may desire. The six ewe lambs would make a nice young flock to start with. For further information, prices, etc., call on the undersigned at his residence in Sinking Valley, Blair county, Pa., or address REUBEN FOX,
Sept. 29, 1882.-2m.* Tyrone, Pa.

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HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.
Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, thousands recommend it and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action. Ladies so to your sex, such as pain and weakness, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.
Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.
☞ SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.
KIDNEY-WORT

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of GEORGE TROXELL, dec'd.
Letters of administration on the estate of Geo. Troxell, late of Reade township, Cambria county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, who hereby notify all persons indebted to said estate by note or otherwise that payment of their respective accounts must be made without delay, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. PERRY TROXELL, JOHN TROXELL, } Adm'rs.
Glasgow P. O., Reade Twp., Oct. 13, 1882.-6t.*

THE SHADOWY HAND.

I am a traveler and collector for a large house which executes many orders throughout the country. When I have an extensive district, which is often the case, I frequently have a considerable sum of money about me, and on several occasions the possession thereof has rendered me very uneasy; but no more than that of which I speak.

I had been assigned to a large territory in the West, a region rough and mountainous, and which, I had cause to believe, abounded in lawless spirits who might possibly give me some trouble. A person of my calling is always supposed to have a large sum of money about him when he has been out for a number of days or weeks, and many is the time that I have seen people look at me with an expression on their faces that spoke louder than words how much they would like a chance of seeing what my wallet contained. But thus far they never have had their wishes gratified in this respect, and, so long as my faithful six-shooter does not play me false, I don't mean that they shall.

One day at noontime saw me in one of the little villages of the West, hemmed in on all sides by high peaks and lofty summit passes. I had transacted my business there, and now sought the landlord of the inn to learn the way to the next village that I had wished to visit. From him I learned that it was twenty miles by the public road, and rough and hilly into the bargain.

"But is there no nearer way?" I asked. "If the road is in the state you say, it will be long after nightfall before I can reach there, and it looks much as though we might have a rainfall presently."

"There is a road over the mountains," he answered, after a pause, "but it has not been much used of late years, and the way is rough. Still, it can be got over, and as it is but little over half the distance it is by the main road, you will get to Silby fully an hour earlier than you could by that way."

"Then I shall try it, for I want to get there before the storm, if possible."

"Keep the road straight ahead, and keep your eyes open," he said.

"Thank you, I shall do so," I answered. "Good day."

"Good day," and the landlord waved his hand as I rode away.

For hours I wound along the most wretched road I ever saw. Every now and then a path would branch off, leading, apparently, into the heart of the forest. The afternoon passed away and night came on, and still there was no change in the road, no sign of my being near to Silby. All was the same dreary wilderness as that through which I had been passing so many hours. With the coming of the darkness the rain began to fall. This added to the disquiet I had already felt, for I feared that I had left the road and got into one of those paths that led I knew not whither.

Faster and faster fell the rain, and with every moment the gloom increased, until the darkness was such that it could almost be felt. Still I plodded on, feeling there was little chance of reaching my place of destination, but with the hope that I might stumble upon some cabin that possessed human inhabitants, where I could find a fire and shelter for the night. More than an hour passed, and I had nearly given up all hopes of finding shelter, when I beheld the gleam of a light before me. Encouraged by the sight, I urged my horse onward, and in a few minutes found myself in front of a low cabin, thro' the one window of which the light gleamed that had attracted my attention.

Dismounting, I approached and rapped loudly upon the door. There was the sound of shuffling feet within, then it was thrown open, and a man, holding a candle in his hand, appeared upon the threshold and demanded what I wanted. As the light flashed upon his face I had the impression that I had seen it before; but it was gone in a moment. In answer to his demand, I told him I wanted shelter for myself and horse for the night, and that if in the morning he would guide me to Silby he would be suitably rewarded.

He made some reply, the burden of which I could not catch owing to the driving of the rain; and then, setting the candle down upon the floor, he came out, saying, as he laid his hand upon my horse's bridle, "Tain't very good quarters that you'll get here, mister but perhaps it's better than it is out in the rain."

"Any shelter is better than none on such a night as this," I answered, and I followed him round to a rude hovel, where he did the best he could for my horse's comfort.

Then we went into the cabin. He picked up the candle he had placed upon the floor, observing, as he did so, "I keep bachelor's hall here—so you are hungry, I suppose?"

I replied in the affirmative. As I drew up to the fire that shone upon the hearth, the heat of which was very grateful after my exposure to the storm, I watched my host as he placed some bread and meat upon the table, and his very look and motion went to confirm the impression that I had seen him before; and then it flashed upon my mind when and where. It was among the rough unshorn loafers that were hanging around the bar.

The food being set out, he placed a rude seat near the table, and told me my supper was ready, making some excuse because it was not better. I answered him that it was as good as I desired; and as hunger is the best appetizer a man can have, I did the coarse provender ample justice. When I was satisfied I resumed my seat once more by the fire, and tried to enter into conversation with my host, but I made poor headway. He did not seem inclined to talk, and after a while I gave it up and we sat there in silence for some time, he ever and anon stealing a glance at me from under his shaggy eyebrows, which, in spite of myself made me feel uneasy when I reflected about the money upon me. At last, tired of this, I told him I would like to go to bed, if he had a place where I could lie down. Upon this he rose and led the way into the other small apartment of the cabin, and setting down the candle, went out and closed the door.

There was a rude bed in the corner of the room, covered with a ragged quilt, and upon this I threw myself without taking off my clothes. My six shooter I placed beside me where I could lay my hand upon it at a moment's notice, and then I blew out the candle and tried to sleep. But that I soon discovered was impossible to do. A nameless something kept me awake. I could hardly define it as fear. It was more of a nervousness which I could not shake off, try as I would. My eyes would not stay shut but wanted to remain wide open and fixed upon the wall where the firelights shone through cracks in the partition against which my bed stood, played with a weird sort of light.

Try as I would, I could not keep my eyes from the wall. Did I close them, the next minute they would be again wide open. Did I turn my head, I would be looking there again almost before I knew it. What I expected to see I hardly knew. Yet it came at last.

Suddenly upon the wall, where the light from the flame shone the brightest, there appeared the shadowy hand of a man clasping a long and deadly-looking knife.

For a moment my gaze was riveted upon it that I could not turn my eyes; but a sound in the adjoining room broke the spell.—Starting hastily up upon my elbow, I peered through the crack that was close to my head, and the sight I beheld caused another thrill similar to that which the shadowy hand had given me. My host, with a long knife in his hand, was approaching on tiptoe the door which led to my room. It was the shadow of his uplifted hand that I had seen.

That he had designs upon my life I could not doubt, and thankful for the warning I had received, I prepared to meet him.—Noiselessly I crept from the bed, and, with my six-shooter in my hand, stationed myself at its foot. The door was noiselessly pushed open, and the would-be murderer entered the room as silently as a phantom, and approached the bedside. His arm, with the deadly knife grasped in his hand, was for a moment held above the bed, and then it descended with a force that would have sent it through the body of a man, had one been lying there.

This was all I wanted. Surely it was evidence enough to justify me in what I did.—I raised my arm and fired. With a groan the villain fell forward upon the couch where I had lain hardly a minute before. With my finger still upon the trigger, should another shot be needed, I struck a match and lighted the candle; then holding it out before me, I approached the bed. The villain lay motionless. My bullet had found a way through his heart.

You can imagine how the rest of the night passed to me. With the earliest dawn I mounted my horse, and as good luck would have it, rode directly towards Silby, where I arrived in a couple of hours. I was not long in searching out the proper officers, to whom I told my story, and a little later I guided them back to the cabin, where they found all as I had stated it, and at once exonerated me from blame in causing the villain's death.—*Western Watchman.*

THE ROMANCE OF MT. VERNON.

A Washington correspondent of the New York *Sun* says: It was in 1858 that Colonel John Washington saw that Mount Vernon would have to go by the auctioneer's hammer if something did not turn up. And here comes in the romance of Mount Vernon. A woman who had been a confirmed invalid since her nineteenth year raised a fund of $200,000, and embodied a plan that gave Mount Vernon to the nation. This was Anne Pamelia Cunningham, of South Carolina. She was an only and indulged daughter. In her childhood she had visited Mount Vernon, and when she resigned all of life except that which could be enjoyed in a sick room, in her early womanhood, she took hold of a project to buy Mount Vernon, or rather, the project took hold of her. It is one of the most singular instances of indomitable energy and practical perseverence recorded. This frail woman, from her sick bed, aroused an enthusiasm, especially among Southern women that resulted in a splendid success. She inspired Edward Everett with her spirit, and his lecture on Washington poured money into the treasury. She interested Mme. Le Vert and Mrs. Cora Mowatt Ritchie, and in 1860 it was accomplished; the house, the tomb of Washington, and 200 acres of land belonged to a national organization. The Legislature of Virginia granted a very sensible charter to the organization. The capital stock was limited to $500,000. It was granted in perpetuality, and no disposition of the property could be made without the consent of the Legislature. None of the Washington family thereafter was to be interred at Mount Vernon, and the key of the vault was thrown into the Potomac River. Around the marble tombs of George and Martha Washington is a wooden flooring which if stepped upon starts an electric alarm at the house.—Through the open iron work one looks into brick vault where there are only the two tombs. "Hats off" is the stringent rule at the grave; even the most flippant are awed into something like reverence. During some of the bloodiest days of the war Mount Vernon was treated as neutral ground, and soldiers of both armies were seen fraternizing under the trees that guard the tomb.

Frequent description cannot destroy the interest of the house. Year by year improvements are made by the regents. As far as practicable every State has a room ornamented with relics of Revolutionary times, arranged in the style that prevailed at Mount Vernon during the lifetime of Gen. Washington. Hanging in the entrance hall is the key of the bastile, sent to Washington by Lafayette; and over the door of what is called the state dining room is Washington's field glass placed on its perch by the hand of Washington himself, and never since removed. The mantel and hearth in the dining room are of marble and extremely curious. They were sent to Washington from France. On the way the ship bearing the gift was captured by pirates. When they found that this marble was intended for Washington they took an opportunity of landing it on American shores, and it was forwarded to Mount Vernon. In the South Carolina room hangs the portrait of Anna Pamela Cunningham. She has a refined and thoughtful face, with deep, meaning eyes. The attic room which Mrs. Washington chose after Gen. Washington's death, and in which she died, is almost in the identical condition in which she left it.

In a quaint little drawing room—Nelly Custis's drawing room—is the grand harpsichord, as large as a modern grand piano, which Washington gave her as a wedding gift. This was the grand-niece of Mrs. Washington, not her daughter Nelly, who died unmarried at twenty-two. In the grounds stands a rose bush, where, tradition relates, Nelly Custis received her first offer, and walking around this rose bush six times brings every young lady who believes in the spell an offer of marriage within the year.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.
The BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cts. per box. For sale by E. James, sole agent, Ebensburg, Pa. [8-9.-1y.]

SALT RIVER is the place that scoops in "fresh candidates."

COLONIAL HISTORY.

BOB BURDETTE IN WEST PENNSYLTANIA—BRADDOCK'S BATTLE WITH THE FRENCH AND INDIANS—THE HUMORIST'S OBSERVATION'S ON MULES.

"Eastward go, westward ho, everybody takes the B. & O" from Pittsburgh to Connellsville. At least I did, and I am the only everybody interested in this trip. It is a pleasant run all the way down or up, as the case may be. I think it is up. About ten miles out of Pittsburgh we reach Braddock, a town of twenty-five hundred people, more or less and across the run is the old Braddock battle ground. Braddock was an English general, you may remember. He came over here as long ago as 1755. By that time the good Indians on William Penn's reservation were celebrating their Bi-Centennial in advance with the most thrilling and startling tableau whenever they caught a white man out alone. It was necessary that the red brother should be licked clear out of his moccasins, and Braddock thought he was the man who could do it. He came over here with an Englishman's idea about America, and thought New York and San Francisco were nearer each other than Wappington's New-Half-Market, Old Street Stairs, St. Trevenor's Terrace, City Road, Ilfieswich Cross Station, Chororcerster Square is to Ilfingham—Ilfingham on Walsingham-Walsingham. He intended to spend a few days in this country and then go home and write a book about it. Poor Brad. He never wrote that book, although he furnished materia for it. He came out here, crossed the Youghiogheny river at Connellsville, came up to Braddock Station, and then and there the wild men of the woods and a lot of French fell upon him in the ravines and hills of the Monongahela, and they encomposed him round about, and treated him roughly and smote him that he died and raised lumps all over his arms. It was a dreadfully successful surprise party. From the wooded sides of the steep hills there suddenly broke volley upon volley of rattling musketry, mingling with the frightful war whoops of the savages. The men war whoops in those days. Braddock's regulars, numbering one thousand, fought this unseen foe for three hours vainly endeavoring to employ regular tactics and European methods against an enemy that only fought to hurt and shoot to kill regardless of the regularity of the thing. Washington's Virginians—George was along—saved the army from total destruction by fighting the Indians in their own way, and checking the comparatively small body of men that were doing all this fighting. Sir John St. Clair was wounded, Sir Peter Halket was killed, Braddock had five horses killed under him, and was at last struck from the saddle by a mortal wound, shot by one of his own panic stricken regulars. Sixty-three officers and 714 regulars were left in those dark ravines when Washington led that shattered remnant of the army back home. Braddock died about six days after the battle, somewhere near Fort Necessity, and was buried in the road at midnight, Washington reading the burial service. Some of Braddock, I believe is still buried near Fort Necessity, and the rest of him the general American relic hunters stole.

Connellsville is a live town on the Youghiogheny, and it burns coke for all creation, runs a full hand of tanneries goes to eight or ten good churches, puts up at the Smith house always, manufactures a heap of woolen goods. I think it has a paper mill, and is surrounded with beautiful scenery. Some of the views from the great ridge that towers above the town are very famous. The soft, yellow sandstone in these ridges is worn and cut by time and the weather into curious and picturesque shapes.

Old Ephraim Connell started this town ninety-two years ago, and Col. William Crawford used to live here. He was the same Colonel Crawford who was captured by the Ohio Indians near Sandusky, and put to death with such terrible tortures. Ohio never was much of a State for Pennsylvanians; Maine is their best "bolt" when they emigrate. Blaine is a Pennsylvanian, born down here in Washington county. He had too much sense to go to Ohio after Colonel Crawford's experience.

It is the land of coke. From Connellsville we run past a few thousand miles of coke ovens along the line of the Southwest Pennsylvania railroad. The fires glare and glow with a strange effect against the background of brown fields and green forests, for the trees are scarcely touched by the frost. Along the tramway on top of the ovens, past the columns of flame and smoke that leap up beside him, the patient, much enduring, long suffering mule holds his steady way, hauling a few tons of coal—as much as the car can stand at a load. The mule is never overloaded. Oh, no. Nobody ever worries about putting on more coal than the mule can haul, but the capacity of the car is limited, and it must not be loaded beyond a certain strain.

No wonder the mule is a kicker. Were I a mule, love, I too would kick. Every time I got a chance I would lift somebody higher than a kite. I know just exactly what kind of a mule I would be. A bay mule. One of these sad eyed old fellows that lean back in the breeches and think. With striped legs like a zebra. And a dark brown streak down my back, and a paint brush tail. And my mane cut short, and my foretop banged, and my head as long as a flour barrel, and I'd be worth two hundred and a half in any market, and I'd wear a flat harness and no blinders, and some day when some man hitched me up to a dray and piled on a ton and a half of pig iron, a cord of wood, six barrels of flour, a good load of household goods and a steamboat boiler, I would start off with it patiently and haul it steadily until I got to the top of the grade on the new road and around North Hill, and right about there and then a falling maple leaf, fluttering down in a spark of gold and crimson, would scare me all but to death, and the authorities would have to drag the Mississippi river six weeks to find all of that load and some of that driver, while in three minutes after the emeute, I would be tranquilly browsing on the grassy heights that smile above the silver flowing river. That is a kind of a mule I would be.

Not many miles out of Connellsville we run past a tract where an earthquake has evidently been prospecting for coke coal.—The ground is scooped up and dug out in a thousand directions, and beats an Arizona mining camp for dips, spurs, leads, angles and sinuosities. It is very charming, this broken country, with the wealth of a fertile soil on the hills, and the greater wealth of coal under them. They cultivate both sides of a farm here, top and bottom, for the coal begins growing where the corn stops.

Pleasantly familiar this land is, too. I see a face I knew at Scottdale and catch a wave of the hand that fills me with a cheery sense of welcome. I have told you all about these coke ovens and the mines of Scottdale, long ago. And as we near the next station the brakeman shouts "Hawkeye," and I half expect him to shriek "copy!" And so, through twenty-four miles of winding creeks and swelling hills, from fields and glowing coke ovens until we reach Greensburg, where I look out and wonder if Judge Hunter is home, and wish I could just step off the train and find him. But the train on the main line comes roaring along like a great monster, and snatches us up and runs away with us and lands us in a mist of rain and smoke and soot and noise and roaring flames and clanking hammers, and we are once more in Pittsburgh.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Few Suggestions as to Etiqueite for the Young.

Young children who have to wait till older people have eaten all there is in the house, should not open the dining-room door during the meal and ask the guest if he is going to eat all day. It makes the company feel ill at ease and lays up wrath in the parent's heart.

Children should not appear displeased with the regular courses at dinner and then fill up with pie. Eat the less expensive food first, and then organize a panic in the preserves.

Do not close out the last of your soup by taking the plate in your mouth and pouring the liquid down your childish neck. You might spill it, and enlarge and distort the mouth unnecessarily.

When asked what part of the fowl you prefer do not say you will take the part that goes over the fence last. The remark is very humorous, but the rising generation ought to originate some new table jokes that will be worthy of the age in which we live.

Children should early learn the use of the fork and how to handle it. This knowledge can be acquired by allowing them to pry up the carpet tacks with this instrument, and other little exercises such as the parent mind may suggest.

The child should be taught at once not to wave his bread around over the table in conversation, or fill his mouth with potatoes and then converse in a rich tone of voice with some one out in the yard. He might get his dinner down his traches and cause his parents great anxiety.

In picking up a plate or saucer filled with soup or with moist food, the child should be taught not to parboil his thumb in the contents of his dish and to avoid swallowing soup bones or other indigestible debris.

Toothpicks are generally in the last course, and children should not be allowed to pick their teeth and kick the table through the other exercises. While grace is being said at table, children should know that it is a breach of good breeding to smouge fruit cake, just because their parents' heads are bowed down and their attention for the moment turned in another direction. Children ought not to be permitted to find fault with the dinner or fool with the cat while eating, boys should, before going to the table, empty all the frogs and grasshoppers out of their pockets, or those insects might crawl out during the festivities and jump into the gravy.

If a fly wades into your jelly up to his gambrels, do no mash him with your spoon before all the guests, as death is at all times depressing to those who are at dinner and retards digestion. Take the fly out carefully with what naturally adheres to his person and wipe him on the tablecloth. It will demonstrate your perfect command of yourself and afford amusement for the company. Do not stand up in your chair and try to spear a roll with your fork. Say "thank you" and "much obliged" and "beg pardon" whenever you can work in these remarks, as it throws people off their guard and gives you an opportunity to get in your work in on the pastry and other bric-a-brac near you at the time.

The Bad and Worthless
are never *imitated* or *counterfeited*. This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy *imitated* is of the highest value. As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B. Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe that they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits. Beware of them. Touch none of them. Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits.

A TREASURED LOCK OF HAIR.—Among the dead, after the engagements during the late war, lay the outstretched form of a young man, of fair and intellectual features. He had been struck down by a ball in the centre of his throat. The stranger gazing for a moment at the inanimate body, so lately instinct with life, thought of the loved ones yet to hear and mourn over their lost one. It was a strange impulse, perhaps, but that stranger—albeit an enemy a few moments before—kneeled beside the dead, and separating a lock from his beautiful but disheveled hair, placed it carefully in his pocket. The body afterward groved to be that of young Preston of South Carolina, and the lock of hair soon after the report of his death found its way to the hand of the young lady at Providence, Rhode Island, to whom he had been betrothed, as an invaluable souvenir.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE ON SPEER'S WINES.—A committee was appointed to visit Alfred Speer's Vineyards, at Passaic, N. J., to examine the wines and cellars and report. The following is a part of the report: Many will be surprised to learn that within so short a distance from this city has been prosecuted an enterprise of so much importance and with so much success.

"The qualities of these wines are not excelled by any producer in the world and during the season when the operations of handling the grapes, expressing the juices, and the other treatment are in active progress it is interesting and instructive to visit the vineyards and witness the operation.

A. S. HEATH, M. D.,
R. H. MARTIN,
J. DISTURNELL, } Committee.

For sale by E. James, Ebensburg.

THE BILIOUS.
dyspeptic or constipated, should address with two stamps for pamphlet, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

"AN HEIRESS' QUEER ESCAPADE.

HOW A FIFTEEN-YEARS-OLD NIECE OF GOVERNOR FOSTER WENT TO SEE THE WORLD FOR HERSELF.

Miss Susie Pollard of Cleveland, Ohio, is only fifteen years old and is the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Cleveland. Being an only child, she has been allowed great liberty since her tenth birthday. Extremely precocious for her age, she attracted much attention by her evidences of talents, and her literary efforts, notwithstanding their erudity, were surprising. On October 7th she disappeared from home. Her father and friends searched for her in vain. There was absolutely no clue to her whereabouts. As she was unusually attractive in person, and as she was known to have a considerable sum of money in her possession, it was feared that she had been decoyed away by some designing villain, or had been forcibly abducted. Acting upon the theory that his child had been kidnapped, Mr. Pollard conferred with the leading detective agency, and advertised extensively in the newspapers throughout the Northwest, offering a reward of $2,000 for information as to her whereabouts. The girl's appearance was minutely described, and detailed accounts of her dresses were given, but the days slipped by and there was no news of the missing heiress. The girl was discovered by a happy accident in Chicago. A chambermaid at the Palmer House picked up one of the city newspapers, and the first thing that struck her eye was a description of the missing girl. It tallied exactly with the appearance of Miss Gordon, who occupied room No. 464 in the hotel.

Miss Gordon had registered at the Palmer House on Tuesday, October 9, giving her address as New York. She was assigned to an apartment, but the fact that she was extremely young and was accompanied by no guardian, made the authorities suspicious, and induced them to watch her closely. But although persons were stationed to watch her room they saw no one enter save Miss Gordon herself, and they concluded that, however mysterious her mission might be, her conduct was certainly irreproachable. Some of the lady boarders took quite a fancy to the lonely girl, attracted by her youth and innocence, and she readily made friends with them. During her stay of two weeks, however, she allowed no one to penetrate the mystery that surrounded her. She discouraged all prying questions, and showed that she was perfectly able to take care of herself and keep her own secrets. On Thursday when the hotel authorities confronted her with the published description of the missing Cleveland girl, she looked the picture of innocence. When they addressed her as "Miss Susie Pollard," she said:

"Why, my hair is not brown, and I have not blue eyes, and, look at my dress, it is not the kind that is mentioned, is it?"

The hotel people beat a retreat, and telegraphed at once to Cleveland. In the meantime "Miss Gordon" gathered up her effects and prepared to depart. She gave it out that she intended to go West, and had engaged to join some friends in an adjacent town, who were to accompany her. When she applied for a ticket, however, she found that the hotel people had anticipated her action, and instructed the ticket agent not to sell her one.

At this point another character appeared on the scene. George W. Mann a detective from Jackson, Michigan, arrived at the hotel, and fixed upon Miss Gordan as the girl for whom he was looking. It

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - NOV. 17, 1882.

COMPLETE returns from Illinois give Raab, the Democratic candidate for superintendent of Public Instruction, a majority of 2,858 over Stratton, his Republican opponent. Where, oh! where is this sort of thing to stop?

THE latest returns from the New York election make Cleveland's majority for Governor 196,000, or thereabouts. Of this Jumbo majority the city of New York gave 76,000 and Brooklyn 38,000—making an aggregate in the two cities of 114,000. Every county in the State, with six exceptions, gave Cleveland a majority.

AS THE NEXT Congress will contain an overwhelming Democratic majority the Republicans can again throw a tub to the negro whale by nominating Jos. H. Rainey, (colored), of South Carolina, for Chief Clerk, when they know that he can't be elected. That is a way they have of pulling the wool over the colored man's eyes.

PATTISON'S plurality in Luzerne county is 3,513, a considerable portion of which was owing to the large Welsh vote cast in his favor. When, Oh! when will the Welsh voters of Cambria—or, to put it in a more modest way, about a baker's dozen of them—commence imitating the example of their brethern in Luzerne? "While the lamp holds out to burn," etc.

ONE of the most gratifying results of the election is the return for the tenth time to Congress of Judge Holman, of Indiana, the "old watch-dog of the treasury." The district in which he lives was formed in such a way by a Republican Legislature as was thought certain to defeat him, but the people of the district regularly re-elect him because they know him and fully appreciate his usefulness.

"UNCLE" JAKE ZEIGLER, of the Butler *Herald*, has been elected to the Legislature, and already looms up as a prominent candidate for Speaker of the lower House, for which none of the half dozen or more named is any better, if quite so well, fitted. We are not a member of the Legislature, and never expect to be, but if we were "Uncle Jake" could count on one vote, at least, as exceedingly solid for him.

MR BLAINE said to a personal friend in Boston on last Friday: "I wish it distinctly understood that I am not a candidate for the Presidency or any other political office, and nothing can indnce me to become such." It was not at all necessary for Mr. Blaine to say this, for the reason that he will never be President, no matter how ardently he might covet the distinction.

W. U. Hensel, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, richly deserves the thanks of the Democracy of the entire Commonwealth for the able, efficient and satisfactory manner in which he conducted the recent campaign. He made no mistakes, as we think even Cooper himself, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, will frankly admit, but did his work thoroughly and well. Such men are eminently worthy of the party's honors.

THE notorious George M. Robeson, of New Jersey, who was defeated for Congress by Mr. Thomas M. Ferrell, a Democrat and workingman, being a glass-blower, charges his overthrow to the influence of the railroads in his district and the combined opposition of the Philadelphia press. Well, haven't the railroads and Philadelphia papers, in the interest of public honesty and decency, a perfect right to combine for the laudable purpose of throttling one of the most rapacious thieves and plunderers that ever disgraced a seat in Congress?

THERE is a wide difference of opinion among leading Republicans as to whether the grand old party has at last passed in its checks. Some of them think it has, while others express their belief that it will be in good fighting trim for the Presidential campaign in 1884. It may possibly be able to stand again on its legs two years hence, but the chances are all against it. And still history may partially repeat itself, for the Democratic party suffered a reverse in 1840 quite as disastrous as the one that has just overwhelmed Republicanism, and yet in four years it recovered and defeated Henry Clay for the Presidency by electing James K. Polk.

THE late election effectually disposed of several members of Congress who were prominently identified with the passage of the river and harbor bill. Page, of California, Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, who reported the bill, and under whose leadership the job was passed over Mr. Arthur's veto, was defeated, although he regarded his re-election as beyond doubt. Miles Ross and William H. Harris, Democrats, who represented the Third and Fourth New Jersey districts, both strongly Democratic, were also slaughtered. Many others met a similar fate, while several others were re-elected in the Southern States who richly deserved defeat.

A UNITED STATES BOND was worth in the money markets just as much on the day after the election as on the day before, and no rolling or steel mill, furnace, nor a single cotton mill, has closed its business in consequence of the Democratic tornado that swept over the country from Massachusetts to California a week ago last Tuesday. And yet the people have been told by Republican newspapers and Republican stump speakers, as they have often been told before, that swift and dire ruin would overtake the business interests of the country if they elected a Democratic Congress. What is called Free Trade for political effect is a condition of things that can never be practically established in the United States.

How habitually inclined are candidates for office to estimate their strength with the people. At the Bucks county fair, early in the canvass, General Beaver in a speech said: "I will carry the State by 50,000 majority." He afterwards said the same thing on several occasions in different parts of the State. Trusting to the power of the political machine, whose representative he was, it is fair to infer he believed in the truth of his repeated declarations. Gen. Beaver, however, did not carry the State by a majority of 50,000—at least not for himself—but he succeded in carrying it for Pattison by nearly 40,000. John Stewart, the Independent candidate for Governor, publicly proclaimed in his speeches time and again that he would poll at least 150,000 votes, and on one occasion, up in the oil region, went so far as to say that when Gov. Hoyt put the executive mansion in order prior to leaving it, it would be for his (Stewart's) benefit. Mr. Stewart is a man of brains and is regarded by those who know him as a remarkably shrewd politician; and yet how wofully mistaken he was if he believed what he said about his own strength, which the official returns show will not exceed 50,000. The mistakes of Mr. Stewart's right-hand man, Col. McClure, of the *Times*, were also notable. He didn't claim, to be sure, as high as 150,000 votes for Stewart in the State, but he persistantly claimed 20,000 or possibly 25,000 votes for him in Philadelphia, where he received only 8,085. And yet Col. McClure is one of the best politicians in the State. The most singular thing, however, about Mr. Stewarts estimate of his own strength before the election, is the admission made by him to a newspaper reporter on Monday last that he was not disappointed in the size of his vote. Well, if he wasn't, Falstaff was right, when he said with a broad grin, "Oh, Lord! how this world is given to lying!"

THE Altoona *Tribune* don't know much about the public career of Wm. W. Eaton, of Connecticut, "honest old Bill Eaton," as they call him in the Nutmeg State, or, if it does, it wantonly misrepresents it. In an article three days after the election in regard to the general result of the Congressional contests the *Tribune*, speaking of Connecticut, said: "Mr. Buck, in Connecticut, has succumbed to the weight of his vote for the river and harbor bill—one of the most honest given to that measure—and Mr. Eaton, whose record is not much clearer, is returned to the place." Eaton's term in the U. S. Senate expired on the 4th of March, 1881, and he has just been elected to the House over Buck in the Hartford district, a Republican stronghold. When he was nominated against Buck, a few weeks before the election, he was brought before the convention and in a short speech returning his thanks for the nomination, declared that he had never voted for a river and harbor bill while he was in the Senate. He was the only Democrat in the Senate who voted against the fraudulent Electoral Commission bill, by which Tilden was cheated out of the Presidency. His integrity is iron-clad—without a blemish—and he left the Senate, as he had entered it, with pure hands and an unsullied reputation.

IT is always creditable to a candidate for office to recieve a good vote at his home, where he is best known and is supposed to be appreciated at his true worth. At the late State election the county of Indiana, in which Silas M. Clark, the Democratic candidate for Judge of Supreme Court, lives, gave Beaver a majority of 2,003 over Pattison, but it gave Clark a majority of 151 over his Republican opponent, Rawle. In Huntingdon county, the home of J. Simpson Africa, the Democratic candidate for Secretary of Internal Affairs, Beaver's majority over Pattison was 42 but Africa received 1,068 votes more than Greer, the Republican candidate. This home endorsement is highly creditable to both these gentlemen; but Grover Cleveland, the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, made a better "home run" that either of them He resides in Buffalo, the capital of Erie county. At the Presidential election, two years ago, that county gave Garfield a majority of 3,351 over Hancock, while at the election last Tuesday week it gave Cleveland the magnificent majority of 7,440. *That* was a vote of confidence of which he has a right to feel peculiarly proud.

HONESTY in politics always proves in the end to be the best policy, as it does in a man's private business. When the Republican Legislature of Michigan passed the Congressional Apportionment bill last winter, it gerrymandered the State so as not to give one of the eleven districts to the Democrats. The outrage was so flagrant and inexcusable that the public conscience revolted against it, and at the late election the Democratic candidates were elected in six districts and the Republican nominees in five. The same injustice was attempted in Wisconsin, but the Democrats carried five of the nine districts. The Democratic Legislature of Missour perpetrated the same wrong, and by the bill it passed made sure of every one of the fourteen members to which the State is entitled. We expected to see the Democrats punished for this unfairness by the election of six or seven Republicans, but it seems that only one was elected. In districting a State nothing is ever gained by trampling on the rights of the weaker party, and in every bill of the kind the great aim should be scrupulously to protect the minority in its legitimate rights.

THE official vote in all the counties of the State, except Philadelphia, Allegheny, Sullivan and Wyoming, and taking the returns of these four counties as reported, give Pattison a majority of 39,611 over Beaver. The total vote for Stewart, the Independent candidate, will be about 45,000—not quite one third of what he claimed in all his speeches. The next State Senate will stand 28 Republicans to 21 Democrats and the House 112 Democrats to 89 Republicans giving the Democrats a majority of 23, and, on joint ballots, 15. We will publish the official vote of all the State candidates next week.

SENATOR BAYARD, of Delaware, agrees with ex-Senator McDonald, of Indiana, in his view of the duty imposed upon the Democratic party, if it would reap the fruits of victory won for it by the disaffected Republicans. Its task is to keep for 1884 the allies the Republican leaders have driven into its camp in 1882. And this can only be done by working for the welfare of the country, which those disaffected Republicans have put above party. As Senator Bayard points out, the late elections have wrought a revolution in the politics of "the group of central States—those chief in wealth, politics and influence." No candid man will deny Senator Bayard's right to speak for these States, and especially for the voters of these States whose party obligations sit lightly upon them, and to whom the Republican defeat in these States are due. In behalf of these voters, as well as of the Democratic party, Senator Bayard lays down a working programme of the Democratic party. It consists of two articles—civil service reform and revenue reform. The passage of Senator Pendleton's bill is now, we take it, assured, and the passage of that bill will do all legislation can do, to take the question of civil service out of politics, and all that can be done for administrative reform by a party not in possession of executive power, except a careful scrutiny of the appropriations. That reform will of itself demechanize the political machinist so to speak. The machine is fed by assessments, and the machinists seem to be honestly unable to conceive how political organization is possible without assessments. They are so far from having learned anything from the elections that the Republican State Committee which conducted Folger's canvass to a majority of 200,000 for Cleveland has actually sent a dunning circular to such Federal office-holders as refused to pay during the campaign. Civil service reform and revenue reform are equal and indispensably necessary. Even if the country could stand the wasteful and bungling methods by which the revenue is raised, we have fresh proof that a surplus revenue is a standing temptation to jobbery and extravagance to which no majority in Congress can safely be subjected. We cannot reduce this revenue to the actual needs of the country without remodeling the system by which it is collected, and as soon as this system is honestly investigated it is seen to be a system of interdependent swindles.—If the Democrats begin now to educate the country to see the necessity of revenue reform, they will be able in 1884 to point out not a programme, but a performance. Upon the necessity of civil service reform the country has shown with great clearness that it no longer stands in need of education.—*New York World.*

HOW IT HAPPENED.—George Bliss, a New York politician of President Arthur's set, thinks he knows how it happened the political revolution came. It was due, he declares, some time ago, and the Republican party has been kept in power less by its own wisdom and virtues than by Democratic blundering. That is about our own opinion only we would express it somewhat differently. We cheerfully admit that it was not its wisdom and virtues that kept the Republican party in power, for it is very hard to say where they have exhibited any for some time past. They have clung to their places by corruption and fraud and by the Democratic blundering cowardice which permitted these means to be successful. The time when the Republican regime properly came to an end was the time when Mr. Tilden was elected President. No one to-day denies that he was elected and no one can defend the lack of courage and wisdom of Mr. Tilden and the Democratic leaders which permitted the verdict of the people to be nullified. But it is very brazen in the Republican agents of the successful fraud to explain to day that their party was really overthrown so long ago, and has since maintained itself in power against the popular sentiment which has now so unmistakably and emphatically kicked them out. Men who have done this trick and boast of it are not men who will be readily trusted again; and Mr. Bliss and his friends can resign themselves to the conclusion that the Democratic blundering which left them so long in power will not be exhibited in early restoring them to it. —*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

THE MEANING OF IT.—Would you know the meaning of the political revolution which struck its first blow in October in Ohio, and swept through Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, and Colorado on Tuesday last?

It means these four things:

I. Reduce the expenses of every branch of the Federal Government to a basis of simplicity, economy, and honesty!

II. Abolish the internal revenue abomination!

III. Make the tariff simple and rational, and just sufficient to provide for an honest and economical Administration in time of peace!

IV. No Subsidies, no jobs, and, above all, no stealing, either by the Administration and its agents, or by Congress and its employees!

This is the meaning and the purpose of this mighty overturn.

Is the Democracy wise enough or high minded enough to execute this peremptory mandate with fidelity and courage? We shall see. The occasion is great. And we are happy to add the future is hopeful.—*New York Sun.*

THE extraordinary Democratic gains throughout the country are as fully shown by the reduced majorities of Republican Congressman who have pulled through; as by the count of Democrats elected. Almost without exception Democratic districts give increased majorities, while Republican districts are wofully cut down. Take the Republican leader of the House, Hiscock, of New York, Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, as an illustration. He was elected to the Forty-fifth by 3,041 majority; to the Forty-sixth by 3,125, and to the Forty-seventh by 5,194 majority. At the recent election he escaped defeat by six hundred votes. Had the voting taken place a week later he would have been badly beaten. The Democratic leaders go back with largely increased majorities. Randall carries his district by the largest majority he ever received, while Cox, of New York has fifteen thousand and Hewitt over 19,000.—*Pittsburg Post.*

THE latest Star Route story goes to show that there was not perfectly fair dealing among the plunderers, or, as it is more bluntly put, "Brady bled Dorsey at will." Ex-Senator Spencer, now absent from Washington on vague public business as a Government director on the Union Pacific Railroad, was "wanted" for the purpose of testifying that he had seen Dorsey pay money to Brady. Another less eminent witness, a "Mr. Sickles," according to a report made by a special agent in Arkansas to the Postoffice Department last year was asked by Dorsey to witness the payment by him to Brady of $16,000. On the Star Route trial this Mr. Sickles remembered nothing of the transaction, though curiously enough, he testified that he had an interview on the subject with Dorsey before going into Court. Whether Spencer suddenly went away because his memory is less treacherous is matter for conjecture; but the story now told will strengthen the feeling with which he is wanted.—*Ibid.*

—The Red River is frozen over, and there is fair sleighing at Winnipeg.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 13, 1882.

DEAR HENRY—The ground has been broken for the complete restoration of the Government to the hands from which it was torn at the onset of the cruel war. The people have become restive under the pressure imposed by a party which has proved itself incapable. It is nothing but the solemn truth to say that the work of the 7th instant is the work of Republican disintegration, not that of Democratic strength or effort. The Republican party has developed such growing incapacity to make headway against acknowledged abuses that it has lost the confidence of its own adherents.—The crimes and follies of reckless and extravagant administration at Washington, and the heavy load of national, State and municipal scandals and corruptions have brought the country to the turning point, where the moral sense of the voter becomes a stronger incentive than party allegiance. The Republican lines have been broken down. In this State, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and nearly all the States, there has been either open revolt or such a distracted and inharmonious leadership that the Republican party has fallen an easy prey before Democratic opposition.

But let the Democrats bear in mind that the Democratic administration coming in after a long corrupt Republican rule will be judged by the success with which the promised reforms are accomplished. The coming Democratic administration will be watched with far greater jealousy than has been bestowed upon the Republican administration. The Democratic party will now put on record as never was before. It will have its future in its own hands. It is to be hoped that the Democratic history of 1883-'84 will be entirely different from its history of 1874-'75. In 1874 just such a tidal wave swept over the country and gave the Democracy a promise of a lease of power for a generation or longer, but in less than a year it was blundered, trifled and frittered away. The simple organization of the Democratic Legislature of Pennsylvania in 1875 was a disgrace to the people of the State. Every movement of the new Democratic administration will be closely watched; every error will be minutely noted, and every blunder will be strictly remembered. If the Democratic party exhibits such a disregard of the rights and interests of the people as the Republican party it cannot expect the confidence of the people.

The operations of the 7th inst. show that the people have taken an off year, and it all indicates the forming of lines preparatory to the battle of 1884. The Democratic party is now on trial. Let it be careful. With wise and honest Democratic administrations, the Republicans will never recover their former supremacy in Pennsylvania. Even the historic Philadelphia Almshouse, a Republican Gibraltar, was swallowed up by the late political storm. In the absence of Phipps the Almshouse army of paupers were not marched to the polls to vote for the machine. Poor Phipps was not on hand. Let us hope that from his far away retreat he can look on this crash of matter and wreck of worlds with the calm philosophy of one who has retired from the storm stress of politics.—Phipps, Mackey and many other good men were missed at the polls.

Will the mountain now come to Mahomet, or will Mahomet go to the mountain? Has the result of the election so solidified the Independents that they will not readily incorporate themselves with the main body from which they have been wrenched, and will they insist on the Stalwarts coming to them? Will the Stalwarts submit with serenity to such a box on the ear as the Independents have given them? Is it at all likely that a peace will be made? It is not very probable that the mountain will go to Mahomet, and it is still more improbable that Mahomet will go to the mountain. So long as the bitter memories of this conflict are cherished there will be no reconstruction of the Republican party.

In all parts of the country the elections on the 7th inst. revealed the most significant signs of discontent with the spirit of the Republican party. In the politics of the country there has been no party disaster so general and overwhelming as that of the 7th of November, save the memorable defeat of the Whigs in 1852. At that time the Whig party was rejected definitely by the people, and the very name of the organization disappeared. In 1852 there were but four States, two in the North and two in the South, that clung to its tattered banner. The Whig party then went down never to recover. The same tendencies to centralization of power and to intermeddling with affairs that do not belong to government which caused the overthrow of the Whigs, manifested themselves in far worse forms in the Republican ranks, which were the causes of the late Republican disaster. The Republican party has reached the highest point in its history, and will never be able to recover from its disaster. As a party of moral ideas and humane sentiments, it has lost its hold. From this time out its disintegration will be rapid and complete. If the Democrats are wise, and use their victory with prudence, justice and honesty, they will succeed the Republicans as they succeeded the Whigs.

In the days of Democratic power, labor organizations were unknown—unknown because workmen had no cause for complaint. It is only since the policy of encouraging and fostering paternal corporations was inaugurated by the Republican party that labor has been so completely at the mercy of capital, and the labor organization is a protest against the condition of affairs brought about by twenty years of Republican rule.—For the past twenty years the decay of public virtue has kept pace with the growth of wealth and population in the United States. The toleration for criminals in this country is alarming. The nation's moral sense appears to be deadened. It has been stuffed and surfeited with peculation until it has not only become used to it, but indeed to have a taste for it. The twelve years of Grant's and Hayes' administrations will live in the history of the United States as an era of peculation. The enormities of the stealings of the last twelve or fifteen years is terrible to contemplate.

The re election of Judge Pershing is no doubt gratifying to the people of Cambria. An able and upright former citizen of Cambria county has a second time received the due reward of honest and faithful service in well earned confidence of the citizens of Schuylkill county. Cyrus L. Pershing is a man who eminently deserved to be retained as a jurist. He filled the Judgeship with uniform ability, dignity and uprightness, and his election is creditable not alone to him but to the citizens of Schuylkill county. Mr. Pershing has been a fearless and upright Judge, and the character of the opposition to him makes his re election especially a matter for congratulation.

Out of the great Republican slaughter that party has saved Tom Ochiltree, of Texas.—Tom is the most celebrated producer of romantic fiction that has ever been elected to Congress. He will be the Munchausen standard bearer in that body. He may have competitors among the Munchausens of the House, but they will be mere figures compared to him, as he will tower head and shoulders like a Norway pine above any Congressman taking liberties with the truth. Tom can ornament a lie, not only with deep flowers in front, but also with a double row of fluting at the back. Saved from the late disaster, the Republicans will have an ornament from the South in the next Congress, in the person of Col. Tom Ochiltree.

What thundering echoes from Gulteau's pistol have come from the mountains and valleys of the whole land! The people have shouted in chorus what they think of men whose acts lead the wretched Guiteau to shoot Garfield. Mahone is the only black sheep in the white flock of victors. What a number of bosses were drowned in the deluge of the 7th instant! Robeson's appropriation for monitors wasn't large enough. There were not iron clads enough to save the flounderers. There is, however, enough of Chandler's navy to make itself useful in conveying what is left of the Stalwart crew up Salt river.

Kiefer will be awfully lonesome in the next Congress without his friend, the "boiled lobster" mariner from New Jersey.—Who will care for Hubbell now?

It is to be hoped that both the victors and the vanquished will be able to eat their Thanksgiving dinner with a good relish.—It is also presumed that all parties will be happy that President Arthur has returned to Washington and removed Stalwart headquarters from New York to the National Capital, and that all the officers of the government are back there once more. It has been a good many months since the government was in good working order, but thank Providence the administration at Washington is in blast again. G. N. S.

Influence of the Soil on Health.

The influence of the soil on the health of those living upon it, is brought out very plainly during the prevalence of the epidemic diseases. That malarial diseases (like intermittant fevers) originate from the soil, is already accepted; and recent investigations show pretty conclusively that the germs of Cholera, Abdominal Typoons, Yellow Fever, and the plague are in some way connected with the soil, which is daily corroborated by letters from all parts of the country, stating the marvelous effect *Parsona* has on those diseases, and in their convalescent state. John D. E. Courtney, of Corry, Pa., says: "I am still getting better, thanks to your *Parsona* and *Manalin*." See page 24 in "Ills of Life."

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 14, 1882.

FRIEND HENRY—The illustrated FREEMAN, with its pictures of successful candidates, rooster *en rampant*, bear ditto, bursting bomb, etc., is at hand. Mac, ain't you a little afraid that the big majority in the next House will take some of the courage out of your game cock in the Presidential campaign of 1884? During a residence of many years in this "political Mecca" I have seen some high old times in the "lower house." It will take a clear, cool headed, brilliant minded man to manage a party with a majority of seventy in that branch of Congress. Of all the candidates mentioned for Speaker of the next House, I think Carlisle, of Kentucky, is the best man, although Randall undoubtedly has the inside track. With Mr. R. in the chair and the committees fixed as they were several years ago, I would not be surprised if that "well fed bird," as the Post here styled its rooster, does not suffer with a severe attack of gout or dispepsia from its first square meal in thirty-two years. It is an old saying here that "the Republicans never make a blunder but the Democrats follow it up with a worse one."

The election of Gen. Butler gives general satisfaction among all classes in our city, where his goodness of heart is well known. Even the most radical of radicals were heard to mutter, "D—n glad of it!" when Ben's election was assured. Radicals are the only ones here who swear since the election. They have a monopoly of it. The Democrats and Conservatives have joined church, and never cease giving thanks.

I have no doubt you feel a little sore over the loss of your Congressman; but vet you have proof enough in his masterful fight you have an old and experienced member like Gen. Campbell. I have no axe to grind, nor does Gen. C. even know me, not having seen me since I was a lad "at the case;" yet from his course here and past record as a patriotic citizen, your interests will not suffer at his hands. The great secret of the success of the South in political affairs is that when they get a good man in Congress they keep him there. Gen. C. has made no nice, flowing speeches, but has a good record as a committeeman, and in the committees is where the work is done after all. I have not spoken this good word for Gen. C. to reap your feelings but hope that you will file them away in your memory, and I am sure when you come down here to pay me that promised visit you will find out that what I have said is true.

The Garfield National Art and Industrial Exposition opens here on the 25th inst. and promises to be a unique thing, inasmuch as it will be the first time the Capitol has ever been turned into an *exposition* building of that kind, although there has been many an *expose* in it. It will be a fine affair, and as it closes December 4d. visitors will have a chance to remain and witness the convening of the second session of the 48th Congress, on Monday, Dec. 4th. There will be reduced rates on all railroads.

The Juniata Valley Editorial Association may be able to "worry along" without its McPike, but I am afraid the Garfield Exposition cannot. So come down and see me, Henry, and bring Mrs. Mac. with you. We will make it pleasant for you both. More anon. EMMET.

DEMOCRATIC PYRAMID.

STATES THAT VOTED THE RIGHT WAY.

OHIO
TEXAS
NEVADA.
FLORIDA.
GEORGIA.
INDIANA.
MICHIGAN.
NEW YORK.
ALABAMA.
COLORADO.
WISCONSIN.
DELAWARE.
MARYLAND.
NEW JERSEY.
CONNECTICUT.
MISSOURI.
CALIFORNIA.
MISSISSIPPI.
ARKANSAS.
TENNESSEE.
KENTUCKY.
LOUISIANA.
SOUTH CAROLINA.
NORTH CAROLINA.
MASSACHUSETTS.
WEST VIRGINIA.
PENNSYLVANIA.

A FATHER STAMPS HIS CHILD TO DEATH.—Wm. Phelps, residing at Dixon Springs, Ill., found fault with his six-year old daughter for some trifling cause on Monday, and the child began crying. This incensed the father who commenced yelling at her, which added to her fears and caused her to cry more loudly. This was too much for Phelps and he paced the floor of the apartment swinging his arms to and fro and swearing violently. By this time the little child had nestled in the corner almost lifeless with fear. Suddenly the infuriated man turned around as if struck by some unseen power and rushing at the almost unconscious body of the child, then with a bound he sprang upon her, struck her until life was extinct. He then left the house, and mounting a horse, made rapidly for the woods. As soon as the news became known a party of citizens held a council and decided to capture the murderer and lynch him without ceremony. On Tuesday they were searching the country in various directions and were hopeful of securing him before many hours.

A MOTHER'S HEROIC DEATH.—At an early hour on Friday morning fire broke out in the residence of John Hepler, a well to do farmer living in the Williamstown Valley, near Tower City, Schuylkill county. Mr. Hepler was away from home. Mrs. Hepler and six children were all in bed at the time. The crackling flames which soon spread and rapidly enveloped the whole building, awoke Mrs. Hepler, who, conclious of the danger which surrounded her and her family, rushed to the aid of the children, who slept in different rooms. She succeeded in saving five of them. Almost exhausted she again entered the burning building for the sixth child, an interesting two year old boy, the youngest of the family. Before she reached his bedside, escape was cut off and both perished in the flames. When their charred remains were found they were locked in each other's arms. Mrs. Hepler was 45 years of age. The origin of the fire was not exactly known, but is supposed to have been started in the kitchen. The house, with all its contents was totally destroyed.

WHO has not seen the fair, fresh young girl transformed in a few months into a pale, haggard, disturbed woman? The sparkling eyes are dimmed, and the ringing laugh heard no more. Too often the causes are disorders of the system which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription would remedy in a short time. Remember, that the "Favorite Prescription will unfailingly cure all "female weaknesses," and restore health and beauty. By all druggists. Send three stamps for Dr. Pierce's treatise on Diseases of Women (96 pages). Address WORLD'S MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

RE WEIGHING FREIGHT CARS.—The Pa. R. R. Co. has recently discovered that it has been losing thousands of dollars yearly by the decrease in weight of its cars. When the cars are manufactured they are weighed and the weight stamped on them. In the shipment of freight these cars are loaded and the amount of their load is determined by subtracting the car's stamped weight from the sum of it and the load. After several months' run a car is found to loose over one hundred pounds in weight, and the company has been losing proportionate'y on its receipts from freight shipments. Last week they began re-weighing the freight cars at their yards in the upper part of the city, and a number of them were found to have decreased several hundred pounds in weight. They are also re-weighing the cars at other place along the line.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

SKILL IN THE WORKSHOP.—To do good work the mechanic must be in good health. If long hours of confinement in close rooms have enfeebled his hand or dimmed his sight, let him at once and before some organic trouble appears, take plenty of Hop Bitters. His system will be rejuvenated, his nerves strengthened, his sight become clear, and his whole constitution be built up to a higher working condition.

THE Indianapolis *News* notes a significant thing about the late Democratic victory. Outside a certain circle, Republicans view it with an equanimity that sometimes runs over into cheerfulness. Certainly no party ever had a fairer chance than the Democratic party now has.

DON'T BE ALARMED.

at Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or any disease of the kidneys, liver or urinary organs, as Hop Bitters will certainly and lastingly cure you, and it is the only thing that will.

—Clarence B. Gelson, an employee of the Pittsburgh Post Office, was sentenced to three years' imprisonment on Saturday for robbing the mails.

NEEDED REFORMS.

THE GOOD WORK WHICH CHAIRMAN HENSEL EXPECTS WILL COME OF THE DEMOCRATIC VICTORY.

PHILADELPHIA, November 12.—Chairman Hensel has given up the Democratic headquarters at the Girard House, in this city. Rooms No. 7 and 9 have been memorable as the residences of many State Committees, but none have ever closed them after the election more jubilant than Hensel's, and, as he remarked, "This furniture will not be auctioned off; there will likely be future use for the Democratic party."

To a representative of the *Times*, who inquired his views concerning the future of the party in this State, Mr. Hensel said:

"They make a great mistake who conceive the notion that the Democracy of the State or nation has received a charter of perpetual power. It can only hope to maintain its present vantage ground by showing itself worthy of the confidence reposed in it and fit for the responsibilities with which it has been entrusted. It must keep constantly in mind the causes which have overthrown Republicanism and take warning therefrom."

THE PROPER POLICY.

"What will be the best policy for it to pursue in order to carry the Presidential election of 1884?"

"To think as little as possible about carrying elections, Presidential or local. Let the men whom it has elected give themselves more concern about the proper discharge of their official duties. The Democrats have regained control of Congress because of popular disgust at the waste of time and lavish expenditures by the last House and because of its refusal to give the people their demanded relief from needless taxation. What the next House needs to do is to economize time and expenditures, to decide all contested election cases expeditiously and fairly and without regard to partisan profit, to abolish or greatly modify the internal revenue system and to reduce the army of dependent office-holders. There will be no more plundering river and harbor bills passed. The conspicuous defeat alike of Robeson and of Miles Ross point a moral that will not be unheeded. Such sinecures as the navy agencies reduced to a fair compensation and the pernicious system of voting them "incidentals" and "contingents" to cover a multitude of steals, ought to be abandoned. The Independents and Democrats can together organize the Senate in such a way as to get rid of the Cochrans, the Delaneys and the Gallaghers and other rats who have been fattening at the public cheese, and in the House the Democrats should organize so as not to permit to place anybody to whom attaches malodorous memories. The people will forgive a little honest inexperience, but they will condone the elevation to places of trust of talented men or of those who will abuse power. If the members of the Legislature elect will reject free railroad passes and confine their traveling expenses to their mileage money the session will be shorter and instead of meeting on Tuesday evening and adjourning Friday afternoon they will earn their $10 a day with six days' service in the week.

SOME NEEDED REFORMS.

"The now useless and expensive *Legislative Record* should be abolished or its publication reduced to a simple journal of the session. Reform is necessary in the public printing, where there is now lavish waste. In the supply of stationery and every other class of articles used in the departments and Legislature there have been gross favoritism in awarding the contracts, expert knavery in preparing the bids, fraud in the execution of the orders and spoliation of the State Treasury in buying personal perquisites for officials. The supplies of soap, buckets, brushes, brooms, &c., can be cut down 75 per cent. The Senatorial barber shop, maintained at the public expense, might properly be abated; at least there is no occasion to contract for Senatorial shaving at $44.50 a dozen during years when there is no session of the Senate. These are the proper subjects for party agitation from now until January 1st, and the first duty of the first Democratic caucus will be to wrestle with them. We have overthrown the 'spoils system.' Any resurrection of it by our party will be deservedly the death of the Democracy."

"I would like to see a quiet, modest inauguration, without any fuss or fandangoes and at not a dollar of expense to the State. I believe fifty thousand Democrats would go to Harrisburg to see and applaud such a 'send off' as that would be.

"The future organization of the party in this State will be determined by the new State committee, meeting in Harrisburg on the third Monday of January. It will elect a chairman, permanent secretary and executive committee of seven. I am very emphatically of the opinion that the organization should be kept out of the hands of the officeholders and officehunters. The strength of the committee of One Hundred is largely due to this determination on its part. The tendency of officeholders to organize and run the machine for their own protection and the practice of associating persons in party management so as to afterwards claim a division of the spoils for services rendered has led to the prevailing popular protest against the 'boss system.' We must rise above that. No man should be identified with the control of the Democratic organization who holds office or who could be reasonably suspected of running the machine for his own present or future interest. The executive committee should be made up at least of a majority of men who will give their constant and personal attention to the chairman in State campaigns, taking the place of the usual so called secretaries. In the campaign just closed Mr. Kisner, Mr. Meek and Mr. Shadel did substantially all of the work, except that which was purely clerical, which I had done, not only privately, but far more expeditiously and economically at Lancaster, under the capable direction of Mr. Lichty, than it could have been done at headquarters. Such aids as these would be of much more service to the new chairman than an executive committee than eminent counselors who would darken counsel by words and who would be busy setting up jobs for their own aggrandizement."

HAS SQUARED ACCOUNTS.

"The Democratic State Committee leaves Philadelphia with every financial obligation paid and a little nest-egg in the treasury—a very little one, of course. Pennsylvania received no help from outsides except a single inconsiderable contribution made on personal grounds. We paid all our bills as soon as presented, and every county that asked for aid and demonstrated a legitimate necessity for it was furnished with it. I do not know of a penny spent for any illegitimate purpose. There was only one door to our headquarters, and I know of nothing done, said or written therein or therefrom that all the world may not know. Ludicrous even to be mirthful is the picture while one of the Greenback Labor State candidates was penned in No. 3, waiting for an audience, and Chairman McKee was closeted in No. 5. Cooper made his appearance at No. 7. The business of each was such that they need not have been ashamed to have had it known to all, but to avoid any sinister suspicions I let them out one at a time, without a sight of each other."

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Congressman-elect Finerty, of Chicago, a year or so ago was a reporter on the *Times* of that city.

—The Democrats of Bellefonte, serenaded General Beaver, and the General responded in a happy speech.

—Young, old, and middle aged men and women get health and strength by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

—The railroader, named Madden, who was robbed of $400 near Sunbury, some time since, has died of grief at his loss.

—William Maeshov, of Erie, has gone crazy over his disappointment at the result of the election. He belonged to the Labor party.

—A young man named Fallon who fasted twenty-three days under the illusion that God had commanded him to do so, died at Montreal on Friday.

—A Lewistown child was baptised the other day in its grandfather's clothes—that is in the suit the grandfather wore on a similar occasion fifty years ago.

—Eugene Calcaman and wife were found dead in bed at the Astor Place hotel, New York, having been suffocated by blowing out instead of turning off the gaslight.

—The trial of Elmer Palmer, sixteen years old, for the murder of his grandfather, Frank Palmer, by poisoning rum which he drank, ended at Corning, N. Y., in a verdict of murder in the second degree.

—Beaver runs about 280 ahead of his ticket in his own county; Brosius, about 422 at home; Pattison, several thousand; Clark, over 2,000; Black, 142; Elliott, 1,600 and Africa, 1,000.

—Mrs. S. H. Green, a bride of a few days, while watching the water wheel of her husband's mill, near Morganton, Ga., had her clothing caught in the wheel and was drawn into the water and drowned.

—While a debating society was in session at Carrsville, Ky., on Friday night, John Morris, the presiding officer, was shot dead in his chair by an unknown assassin, who fired at him through a window.

—William F. Brandt, of Reading, has a William Penn medal struck in 1681. On one side is a bust of Penn and on the obverse a white man and Indian clasping hands. It is of copper.

—A niece of ex-President John Quincy Adams is living at Oakland, Oregon. She well remembers her uncle as he appeared when she visited him at the White House. Once wealthy, she is now in poor circumstances.

—On Friday morning a team attached to a hearse at the head of a funeral procession in Lebanon took fright and ran away. The hearse was smashed to atoms, the coffin was thrown out and split, and the corpse tumbled into a ditch.

—At Salina, Ont., on Monday night, William Trimble and two daughters, 25 and 18, years of age, partook of supposed horn tea to relieve a cold. All were taken sick. Trimble and one daughter died yesterday. The other daughter is not expected to recover.

—Joseph Rivet, recently employed by the Campbell & Clute machine works, at Cohoes, New York, was drowned October 30, and his remains interred in Calvary Cemetery. It now appears that the body was resurrected and stripped of a new suit of clothes valued at $30 presented to the dead man by the firm.

—Intelligence has been received at Petersburg, Va., of the burning a few nights ago of a log cabin on the farm of Mrs. Marshal, in Lunenburg county, occupied by a family of colored persons. All the occupants perished in the flames. The cabin is supposed to have been set on fire.

—Alfred Wilson, wife and sister, while crossing a stream in a wagon at Metropolis, Ill., on Sunday, found himself unable to advance or retreat. Wilson made every effort to save the women, but they were carried away by the torrent and drowned. He was rescued almost in a dying condition.

—It will be 25 years the 1st of next January since a Democratic Governor was inaugurated in Pennsylvania. William F. Packer, of Lycoming, was the man thus honored, and he has been dead for 13 years. The Democratic party is pretty robust not to have had a successful term for such a quarter of a century.

—The boys of Northfield, Rice county, Minnesota, were having a great deal of fun in changing a physician's sign for that of an undertaker, when a big kettle full of warm tar was emptied upon them from the roof of the house. More than twenty had to throw away their clothes and get their hair cut very short.

—A vicious negress named Amanda Watts had a difficulty some days ago with another negress at Kaufman, Texas, and out of revenge killed her child. Amanda was arrested, and while in jail, gave birth to a child, which she killed on Friday night, by crushing its skull. The woman is not insane, but is a very depraved and vicious woman.

—Monday evening of last week, near Big Bee Valley, about twenty miles below Columbus, Miss., Miss Pare, a white woman, was

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - NOV. 17, 1882.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—Army blue overcoats for sale at Barkers'.

—Drop in at Barkers' and see their stock of dress goods.

—The ladies in search of fine shawls will find them at Barkers'.

—The largest and cheapest assortment of fine shoes can be found at Barkers'.

—When you want a good all-wool blanket, at a very low price, you can find it at Barkers'.

—Thanksgiving is coming and as yet we're unable to catch a glimpse of a turkey for ye editor's table.

—Large stock of floor oil cloths at Barkers'; also, metal corners and binding to protect the edges.

—If you want a shawl for your children to wear to school, you will find just what you need at Barkers'.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. have a complete assortment of ladies', misses' and children's coats and sacques.

—Now, ladies, when you are looking for a coat or dolman, don't fail to take a look at Barkers' ample stock.

—Reliable help for the weak, nervous and debilitated dyspeptic sufferer ever found in Brown's Iron Bitters.

—Latest styles of hats and caps for winter wear can now be seen at S. Sprankle & Son's, Altoona. Prices way down.

—For trunks, red flannel underwear, and white shirts, it will pay you well to give S. Sprankle & Son an early call.

☞Explicit directions for every use are given with the Diamond Dyes. For dyeing Mosses, Grasses, Eggs, Ivory, Hair, &c.

—The Carrolltown *News* takes a step backward in the matter of time and will hereafter be published on Friday instead of Saturday.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. have the largest stock of heavy and fine boots for men and boys; also gum boots for all ages and both sexes.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. sell more shoes than any of the other merchants, for the simple reason that they have such a large stock to select from.

—For fine dress, wedding and every day suits S. Sprankle & Son, Altoona, can't be beat. Their store is decidedly the best place for bargains.

—McDonald, of Loretto, wants corn, oats, wheat, rye, beans, hops, and all other kinds of country produce, for which he will pay the highest price.

—St. John's Catholic church, Johnstown, which is being thoroughly remodeled and enlarged, will, it is expected, be ready for occupancy on Christmas day.

—A brakeman named John "Boggs was caught and pretty badly squeezed between the bumpers of two freight cars in the Altoona yard a few days ago.

—Sheriff-elect Luther, accompanied by that sterling Democrat, Dr. M. R. B. Creery, organized the post of honor in Ebensburg's jollification on Saturday night.

—An adjourned session of Argument Court was held here on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. No business of public interest was transacted, so far as we have learned.

—McDonald, of Loretto, has just received a large stock of men's and boys' suits, overcoats, hats, caps, boots, shoes, etc., which he is selling at hard pan prices.

—James Bennett was killed at a stone quarry near Latrobe last Saturday, a piece of stone thrown out by a blast striking him on the head. He was 22 years old.

—An old rabbit owned by a Blair county man named J. S. Myers has given birth to no less than one hundred and six young "cotton tails" thus far in her maternal career.

—The popular verdict is generally the right one; and concerning Dr. Bull's cough syrup the people have long since decided that it is the best cough remedy ever introduced.

—Taylor township, this county, has a pear tree which produced about a dozen of pears from twigs of this year's growth, which may or may not be an inconi-pare-able freak of nature.

—An owl which measured over four feet from tip to tip of wings was trapped in Henderson township, Huntingdon county, by John Nightwine a few nights ago. Owl that to for an owl?

—Heber W. McHugh, son of our old friend E. McHugh, of Huntingdon, formerly of Hollidaysburg, is a candidate for Justice of the Peace on the Republican ticket at Jamestown, Dakota.

—Some of our exchanges tell us that an inch of snow fell in this place on Tuesday morning of last week. As we didn't see the inch we are forced to conclude that the story is all of a lie.

—Judge Dean is holding Argument Court in Ebensburg.—*Altoona Tribune.* We Dean y ne assertion. It was Judge Blair, of Indiana, who held the fort—no, the Court Argument here away this week.

—Mr. Joe Patton, one of Hollidaysburg's most preserved old bachelors, where a goodly number abound, was the guest of his nephew, Mr. Jos. M. Thompson, of this place, for a couple or three days this week.

—A cow and a goose indulged in a free fight in Huntingdon a few days ago, and the result was a victory for the goose, whose wings were too much for the bovine, causing her ere long to beat a hasty retreat.

—Our long time and long limbed friend, Peter F. Collins, was here this week on a visit to the home of his earlier days, and we are glad to say that he feels well and looks well. Long life to Peter the peerless.

—The Huntingdon *News* says that a two-year old son of Robert Hoover, of Cole Valley, Todd township, was choked to death by a piece of meat lodging in his throat while eating dinner two weeks ago yesterday.

—The McKeesport *Journal* hoists the name of Benj. F. Butler for President in 1884, and Mr. Unton Times does the same thing for James G. Blaine. That settles the hash, one way or the other, for the two busy B's.

—McDonald, of Loretto, is now ready for the fall and winter trade, having just received another large lot of dress goods, clothings, flannels, blankets, shawls, ladies' cloaks, Alsmanc and woolen goods of all kinds.

—The recent boom in oil put a thousand dollars, clean cash, into the pocket of a Jefferson gentleman whose name we have not learned. Other parties in the pool with him are gainers to a less extent. Oil's well that ends well.

—Our energetic friend, R. T. Shields, of Loretto, is selling out his entire stock of merchandise at greatly reduced prices, his intention being to make a change in his business. This is certainly a rare chance to secure bargains.

—A suit for libel, growing out of some utterances of the Johnstown *Tribune* during the recent campaign, has been instituted by Hon. A. H. Coffroth against Editor Swank, of said paper, and will come up for trial at the December term of our county court.

—Lemon Crawford, aged about 22 years attempted to board an east bound freight train at Lacelle, a short distance west of Ebensburg, on last Sunday forenoon, but was thrown under the wheels and so shockingly injured that he died in about an hour. One of the most exquisite pieces of carving that ever came from the hands of a workman's mettle can now be seen at the shop of Jas. Wilkinson, and of which we shall have something more to say next week. All lovers of neat work should go and see it.

—The continued and serious illness of our friend Tyburst, of the Huntingdon *Globe*, has compelled him to relinquish the editorial and business management of his paper to Mr. Howard E. Butz, a young gentleman who is said to be well fitted for the duties incumbent upon him.

—The Hollidaysburg *Standard* is not one of those papers which rushes up the official "tabulated statement" of the vote cast the same week the election is held, nor even the week after, but promises to print the full returns of the county in its next issue. Happy *Standard!*

—The Altoona *Call* announces that several well-known Democrats—so well known we presume, that there is no need of naming them, have bought an interest in that paper, which will hereafter be published as a Democratic daily by the "*Call* Publishing Company, limited.

—Thos. W. Myton, of Huntingdon county, had some close calls in his political career. He was elected Prothonotary of that county by 126 majority, defeated for the same office by 139, and elected to the Legislature by 128. His Myton on election day don't seem to be of the mightiest kind.

—If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headaches, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver or billiousness. Nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as "Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery." Be all druggists.

—The Altoona *Advance* trotted out its eagle and roosters because the Greenback-Labor vote more than doubled in this State at the recent election. All of which goes to show that there is still crow enough to go around, albeit the Stalwarts had to eat their share of it, as it were.

—That dreadful disease, diphtheria, is quite prevalent in Conemaugh township, Somerset county. A daughter of Mr. John Kauffman died from the malady on Friday, and two others of his children were at latest accounts very ill. Several other families are also afflicted in the same way.

—At the present time when there are so many worthless liniments in the market, it would be well to inquire which is the best—this will be found in M. B. Robert's Celebrated Embrocation. It is a panacea for all ailments that require rubbing either on man or beast—for sale by all druggists.

—While a Tyrone lad named Willie O'Brien, aged about ten years, was engaged with other boys in pushing cars on a siding at that place on Sunday last, the youth named attempted to couple two of the cars together when his head was caught between the bumper and deadwood, crushing in the skull and killing him almost instantly.

—An esteemed correspondent sent us an obituary notice of our deceased friend, Mr. Richard Collins, after our own was in type. From it we learn that the funeral was the largest ever seen in St. Augustine. Mr. C. was one of the Supervisors of Clearfield township at the time of his death.

***"A coward can be a hero at a distance; presence of danger tests presence of mind." Presents of disease test the value of a curative. Kinley-Wort challenges this test always and everywhere, so far as complaints of the bowels, liver and kidneys are concerned. It cures all, nor asks any odds.

—Letters addressed to the following named persons remain uncalled for at the Ebensburg postoffice: Miss Jennie Davis, Miss Fannie Derbin, L. Wallace Evans, Miss Sarah Ann Evans, John Hoberger, Miss Ella Jeffreys, Henry Jones, J. M. Latterner, Mrs. Mary Reese and Rev. J. B. Thomas.

—Hollidaysburg Democrats took a good deal of glorification in their'n last night, and as they expected large delegations from Altoona and other portions of the county, the celebration was no doubt a monster affair. Every person favorable to good, honest government was called on to illuminate.

—Mr Daniel Richards, who came to this country from Wales about forty years ago, and lived with his brother in Lower Yoder township, this county, was found dead in his bed on last Saturday morning. He had suffered with shortness of breath for some time previous, but was in his usual health when he retired to bed on Friday evening.

—The dog story is all right, "P. D.," but we fear that the sensation created by our good looking friend, B. J. L., among the ladies of a certain locality, and their regrets that he is not of the bachelor brotherhood, would be too much for his modesty if we gave the ladies away in the manner prescribed.

—The many friends in this county of Mr. Peter Somers, formerly of Summerhill township, now and for many years past a resident of Livingston county, Ill., will be glad to learn that he has accumulated 960 acres of good farming land, all in one body, at a cash outlay of $15,400. Long may it be thus with our friend.

—Have you bought a winter hat yet? No, you say. Then go to C. T. Roberts' store, High street, and get one of the latest style. Don't let them palm second hand trash on you. His stock of tea, coffee, sugar, spices, etc., is the best in town, while the clocks, watches, jewelry and notions are not surpassed anywhere.

—Postmaster James' new purchase, the Latterner House, was illuminated in the upper region on Saturday night in honor of the late sweeping Democratic victories all over the country, but it was Dr. J. O. Creery, who occupies the second story, and not our amiable P. M., who manifested his enthusiasm in that way.

—Stacks and piles of the latest styles of overcoats and robbiest patterns of ulsterettes just received at S. Sprankle & Son's. Give them an early call for great bargains. Overcoats as low as $2.25. Their fine dress overcoats and ulsterettes, ranging in price from $4.50 to $18, are beauties. Prices lower now than ever before.

—The clerk of the weather stood in pretty solid with the store box brigade and corner loungers until Monday of this week, when he left them out in the cold for a couple of days. Wednesday, however, did Sol began to get in his work again, and at present writing standing or sitting in the sun is rather exhilirating than otherwise.

—"Watch out!" This is a common mode of expression on the streets and inside doors, but it is not of that which we want to tell you. The best watch, or clock, or the nicest piece of jewelry in Ebensburg can be bought at Carl Rivinius', High street, at lower prices than the same article will be offered you elsewhere in the county. "Watch out!" when you go to buy.

—The Republican bosses who succeeded in having Mr. Will. Connell "fired" from the position of clerk to the Judges while engaged in making out the official election table for for this county, because they suspected him of voting for his brother-in-law, Mr. Luther, should have shown their love for some Democrat who voted for Kinkead by having him appointed in his place.

—Twenty eight bars or lead, each weighing one pound, were dug up a few days ago on the farm of Mr. Wm. Masters, in Bedford county, by a party of laborers who were preparing the ground for the location of a saw mill. The lead is supposed to have been stolen and hidden by some one in the long ago, when merchandise was transported in Conestoga road wagons.

—J. B. Smith, manager, and G. G. Anderson, editor of the Altoona *Daily Times*, were arrested on Friday last and gave bail for their appearance at court to answer a charge of criminal libel preferred by E. B. Haines, of the *Daily Call*. The article complained of appeared in the *Times* of Thursday, and was pretty severe on Editor Haines, who changed his paper from Independent to Democratic on the day after the election, thus making it a rival of the *Times*.

—The Philadelphia *Record* locates Ever ett in this county, and says that a $700,000 iron furnace is to be erected there by the Everett Iron Company. If Everett got into this county we are not aware of the fact, but we would be glad to have the iron furnace at the same, right here at the county capital.

—Several prisoners broke out of the Huntingdon jail a couple or three weeks ago, but we didn't know until within the past few days that the notorious Dr. S. H. Decker, formerly of Lilly's, this county, who swindled an old lady named Taylor at Saltillo, that county, out of $600 nearly a year ago, and for which crime who was only recently arrested, was among the number.

—The firm of Lynch & Stevens, furniture dealers and undertakers, 1305 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 8th inst., and the withdrawal of their advertisement from our columns follows as a matter of course. The business is to be continued by Mr. B. J. Lynch at the old stand, and as there are no more energetic and deserving business men in the Mountain City or elsewhere than Messrs. Lynch and Stevens, we wish them both abundant prosperity in their respective callings.

—By an inadvertence last week we substituted a figure 3 for a 4 in giving the majority for Mr. Coffroth, making it 307 instead of 407. Even then, however, our figures were not correct, as the official count of the Judges places his majority at 428. Other errors not observed by us may have crept into our tabulated statement of the returns of the election in this county, but we did the best we could under the circumstances, and have no doubt that our table was almost if not quite perfect in all essential particulars.

—Good boots for farmers and countrymen are a necessity at this season of the year. You want to keep your feet dry and warm? Of course! R. L. Davis, Julian street, has the most complete stock of the best made boots and shoes ever brought to this town, and will take pleasure in exhibiting the same to the public. He has not only boots and shoes for farmers and countrymen, but he is willing to take his oath that the ladies can find nothing more suitable to their taste here or elsewhere. You are respectfully invited to pay him a visit.

—The difference between a golden eagle coin and the Golden Eagle Clothing House, Altoona, is that the former will pass anywhere, while the latter shouldn't be passed at all—that is, it shouldn't be passed by anybody who wants to invest in a good suit of clothes, a substantial overcoat, or anything else with which the aforesaid establishment is now filled to repletion. We know whereof we affirm when we say that a better place to put a golden eagle or money of any kind than at the Golden Eagle Clothing House cannot be found, go where you will.

—An old man named James Huston, who at one time owned the ground on which the Pittsburgh postoffice now stands, was found hanging to one of the rafters of his log cabin, a short distance this side of Greensburg, and quite dead, on last Friday morning. The unfortunate man lived alone, his aged wife having died several months ago. He was exceedingly eccentric, as is evidenced by the fact that he refused to have the remains of his deceased companion interred in the cemetery, but dug a grave with his own hands and laid her to rest just under his chamber window.

—Mr. Wm. J. Myers, brother of ex-Sheriff James Myers, of this place, paid his second visit within nine years to Cambria county this week, and while in town dropped in to renew his subscription to the FREEMAN, whose weekly visits he has dispensed with too long, he thinks. Mr. Myers left his mountain home nearly twenty-one years ago, since when he has resided in the eastern part of this State and New Jersey. His present place of abode is Hetterville, Columbia county, Pa., where he is in the lumber business, and where he is prospering pecuniarily and enjoying good health.

—Mr. Mathias Behe died at the residence of his son, Henry Behe, in Allegheny township, on Saturday, Nov. 4th. He was the oldest man in this section of the county, having reached the remarkable age of ninety-two years, and had resided in Allegheny township since a short period before the war between this country and Great Britain, in 1812. He was an honest, upright citizen, and throughout his long life was highly respected and esteemed by all who knew him. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at Loretto on Monday succeeding his death. May his soul rest in peace.

—We noted the death two weeks ago of Mrs. Remington, only sister of our esteemed friend C. S. Clark, city editor of the Council Bluffs (Iowa) *Daily Nonpareil*, and now it becomes our painful duty to chronicle another sad bereavement which has befallen that gentlemen in the loss by death of his only child, little Ruth, aged 2 years and 5 months. Verily and indeed is the cup of affliction filled to overflowing for our friend Sumner and his good wife, and the only wordly consolation that can be offered them is the sincere sympathy of their many friends, of whom Mr. Clark has an abundance in this community, where he was born and raised.

—Andrew Malatt, colored, of Johnstown, who was sentenced to the penitentiary at March Sessions, 1880, for killing another colored man named Joseph Gibbs, by striking him on the head with a shovel while they were at work in Conemaugh borough, was discharged from prison on Wednesday of last week. During his incarceration Malatt performed janitor work about the offices and workshops and behaved himself well. Just after his discharge he was fortunate enough to find a lost son, whom he had not seen for several years, but who is now employed as a waiter at a hotel in Pittsburgh. Malatt also found several officers of his old regiment, who will put him in the way of securing a pension.

—The jubilations of the Democrats hereaway found vent on last Saturday night in a torch-light procession, with several hastily prepared transparencies, a partial illumination, a big bonfire, a few salutes from a diminutive cannon, and speeches of congratulation from Hon. R. L. Johnston, Hon. John Fenlon, and Gen. Joseph McDonald, one of the Assemblymen elect. The Carrolltown cornet band furnished the music and for the first time appeared away from home in their handsome new uniforms, which, being exceedingly neat and nobby, were admired by everybody. The Mountain House, Blair House, Central Hotel and a number of private houses were more or less illuminated, prominent among the latter being the residence of Mr. H. A. Shoemaker, which presented a fine appearance. The demonstration was of an impromptu character, and for that reason was neither very large nor very imposing, but all the same it served as an escape-valve for the pent-up enthusiasm of the young Democracy, and to that extent was a decided success.

☞—The question has lately been raised: When will the centennial of Ebensburg roll round? We cannot exactly tell. But we take this occasion to say that when it arrives be it late or early, it will be properly observed. Meantime let us take things as we find them and go to John Owens, High street, to buy the best dry goods, notions, groceries, etc., in town. He will sell at prices which will please you.

☞—Mr. Edwin Thomas, blacksmith, departed our town with his family on Wednesday, their destination being the far-off State of Iowa, where Mr. T.'s mother and several of his brothers and sistess reside. The departing family carry with them the best wishes of their many friends in this vicinity, all of whom cannot but hope that good health and prosperity will abide with them in their new home in Iowa City.

A Flattering Reception to Sheriff-Elect Luther.—The Carrolltown *News* of last week says:

If anything more convincing than the almost unanimous vote received by Mr. D. A. Luther at his own home as to his personal standing and popularity where known were required, the reception given him by his neighbors on his return from Ebensburg after his election would be conclusive. We have not space to give details, but will state that our Silver Cornet Band, followed by a large procession of citizens met Mr. Luther at the southern extremity of town. The band played some lively airs, and after counter-marching towards the square, where tar barrels piled up thirty feet high, were burning, brilliantly illuminating the sky for miles around, the procession halted to listen to a stirring speech from that old "war horse" of Democracy, Mr. N. Helfrick, of Elder township.

This over, after rousing cheers, the procession proceeded, increasing as it moved along until it numbered some 250 or 300, and paraded the town, finally halting at the square. Prominent in the parade was a large transparency bearing the inscriptions: "State, 20,000 majority;" "D. A. Luther, Sheriff;" "Stalwartism Dead;" with a mourning border surrounding the words. At the square the Sheriff-elect was called upon and in that cool and deliberate manner characteristic of him he thanked the citizens present for their kindness. D. C. Wetsell, Deputy Chairman, in response to loud calls, then addressed in his happy vein the jubilant crowd, and T. R. Scanlan, Esq., and others followed with pithy remarks.

Songs and mutual congratulations contributed to pass away the evening. Take it all in all, the reception was most flattering and was attended by the whole community, not even excepting the fair ones of our town.

Mr. Luther may well feel that he has the respect and warm regard of the whole neighborhood.

We understand also that the good Democrats of Clearfield township celebrated the grand Democratic victory by having a bonfire and jollification at St. Augustine the same evening.

Low Rate Excursions to Washington.

—If ever there was a particularly advantageous time to visit Washington the occasion of the Garfield Monument Fair, November 25th to December —, will be the time. Attractions have been arranged for on a scale of grandeur never before attempted in the capital. The committee in charge of the various days (for separate days have been assigned to special features) already report progress enough to guarantee a grand success in the respective entertainments. The following is the order decided on:

Saturday, November 25th.—Opening ceremonies at the Capitol; oration in Senate Chamber by Hon. Stanley Matthews.

Sunday, November 26th.—Garfield Memorial Day; special services in all the churches.

Monday, November 27th.—"Army of the Cumberland" and Veterans' day.

Tuesday, November 28th.—School Children's Day.

Wednesday, November 29th.—Grand Bicycle Meet and Tournament.

Thursday, November 30th.—Knight Templar Day; competitive drill and parade.

Friday, December 1st.—Military Day; competitive drill and parade.

Saturday, December 2d.—District Columbia Day; grand illumination in the evening, parade, etc.

Sunday, December 3d.—Closing ceremonies, with appropriate services in all the churches.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged to sell excursion tickets (including admission coupon) at GREATLY REDUCED RATES from all principal stations, the details of which will be duly announced.

The Life of Robert Burns.—The December number of Ballou's Magazine contains the best and most entertaining short account of the life of Robert Burns, the Scotch poet, that we have ever read. It was prepared with great care by Mr. John D. Ross, of New York, an admirer of the poet, but written with great impartiality and fidelity. It should be read by the many million friends of Burns, for there is much that is new and interesting in it.

Remember that the January number of Ballou's Magazine will contain the first part of the great story, "The Belle of Australia," by William H. Thomes, entitled "Gold-Hunters." "A Whaleman's Adventure's," &c.

Back numbers can always be had. Send ten cents for a specimen copy if your newsdealer does not have it on sale, and you will not regret it.

Published by Thomes & Talbot, 23 Hawley street, Boston, Mass., at only $1.50 per annum, postpaid, and for sale at all the news depots in the country at 15 cents a copy.

Snatched from the Grave.

My wife was on the brink of the grave. She had been given up to die by three of Allegheny City's Physicians. They all pronounced her disease Consumption. Her finger nails and lips were blue; pulseless at the wrist; we were all called to witness her death. At this moment a neighbor brought in Dr. Hartman, who prescribed a teaspoonful of *Peruna* every hour. She improved from the first dose, and in a week she was up, and now (less than six months) she is well. See page thirty in the "Ills of Life," a book you can get gratis from your druggist. If not, address Dr. Hartman, Osborn, Ohio. T. S. EBERLINE, South Chicago, Ill.

—A colored lad named Thomas Lee was shot in the side and stomach on Friday last by an old army musket, with which he had been hunting near Greensburg, and which was accidentally discharged while he was crossing a fence. This occurred at noon, and his comrades hurried to town for help, and when the wounded boy was taken home, about 4 o'clock, his step-mother, it is alleged, refused to admit him into the house. He was then taken to the county physician, and at 5 o'clock they started with him in an old wagon for the poorhouse, the physician saying he would die along the road. Two of his uncles, it is said, stood by and also refused to take their dying nephew in out of the rain.

Adam Leiden's Last Epistle.—In our first notice of the death by suicide of Adam Leiden, who hung himself in a saw-mill near Chest Springs two weeks ago last Wednesday night, we stated that he had written a letter to his wife a day or two previous announcing his intention to "shuffle off this mortal coil." Here is a copy of the letter referred to:

My Wife.

I write this in my full senses, but by the time you get it I will be in the other world, as I intend to end my life. I do not do so on account of any trouble of my own, but I have been a bad man to you and to the family and have given you trouble; but this will end all.

(Signed) ADAM LEIDEN.

Free of Charge.

All persons suffering from Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, are requested to call at James' Drug Store, Ebensburg, and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, *free of charge*, which will convince them of its wonderful merits and show what a regular dollar size bottle will do. Call early.

Wife and babe are sleeping;
Do they dream that I
Happy watch am keeping
Where my darlings lie?

Gazing on my treasures,
Grateful grows my mood—
Source of all my pleasures,
Cause of all my good.

These little darlings and all the rest of them, they say, eventually sink their little grievances and go away for what is called bargains in the marts of the world. They find them nowhere in the same plenitude as at S. Blumenthal's, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, when boots and shoes for both ladies and gents are sought after. "Cause of all my good!" is when the husband goes back on his beloved wife accompanied by a parcel bearing the imprint of Mr. Blumenthal.

Ebensburg & Cresson Railroad.

Trains on the Ebensburg and Cresson Branch Railroad run as follows under the existing time table:

Morning Train—Leaves Ebensburg at 7 10 and arrives at Cresson at 8 10. Returning, leaves Cresson at 11 40 and arrives in Ebensburg at 12 40.

Afternoon Train—Leaves Ebensburg at 3 10 and arrives at Cresson at 4 10. Returning, leaves Cresson at 6 40 and arrives in Ebensburg at 6 40.

Both trains (morning and afternoon) on the E. & C. R. R. connect at Cresson with trains going east and west on the main line of the P. R. R.

Sweet Summer, smiling, flies the plain,
And waiting Winter, gaunt and grim,
Sees in her Autumn heard his grain,
And smiles to thing it's all for him.

We hesitate to say any man in his sober senses would write the foregoing. We copy it from one of our exchanges, but do not endorse the full declaration. However, when you want to buy ready-made clothing, go to Jas. J. Murphy's, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, or you will be left both as to the quality of the "duds" you buy and the prices you pay for it.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, *Station D, New York City*

Sept. 1, 1882.-1y.

The youth upon his coat sleeve bore
Along the street his latest mash,
She waltzed him in an oyster store,
And robbed him there of all his cash.

There seems to be no end to it. They all do it—they say. The girl w lizes away with her fellow, and when the bill is to be paid, the fellow says he has forgotten something and skins. But at the New York Clothing House, 210, Main street, Johnstown, there is no nonsense of that sort. That firm sells only the best goods, and the cheapest.

T. W. Dick, Esq., Ebensburg, is busily engaged this week and was last week making out notifications to stockholders in the Cambria County Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company, that they must pay three per cent. on their policies to meet losses incurred of late. This is only the seventh assessment levied against the stockholders inside a quarter of a century.

Hymeneal.

McDonald—Glass.—Married, at Church of the Holy Name, this place, on Tuesday forenoon, Nov. 14, 1882 by Rev. Father Walsh, Mr. Philip McDonald, of Altoona, and Miss Maggie A. Glass, of Ebensburg.

Our friend Phil. well deserved what he has just secured, a loving, devoted and capable wife, and that both of them will be as happy as happy can be in each other's society no one who knows them can for a moment doubt. The newly wedded departed for Altoona the same afternoon, where the frugal husband had prepared a comfortable abode for himself and his young bride. That Heaven may bless and prosper them is the earnest prayer of their many warm friends and well-wishers here and elsewhere.

Obituary.

Collins.—Died at his residence in Clearfield township, on Thursday, November 9, 1882, Mr. Richard Collins, aged 60 years.

The deceased was a native of Ireland, and previous to the time he settled in this county, which was probably between twenty and twenty-five years ago, he was a resident of Hollidaysburg. He was a hard working, industrious man and by his toil and labor opened up for himself and his family a comfortable and productive farm. In all his business transactions with the world he was honest and upright, was a most useful citizen of the township in which he lived, was a warm and generous friend, and enjoyed the utmost respect and confidence of the entire community. He leaves a widow and family, the number of whose members we cannot state, to mourn his untimely loss. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at St. Augustine on Saturday. May his soul rest in peace.

Miller.—Died, in Johnstown, Nov. 12, 1882, Valentine Oreille, son of Edmund and Lorina Miller, formerly of Ebensburg, aged 4 years and 2 months. Our worthy friends, the bereaved parents, have the earnest sympathy of their numerous acquaintances in this community.

WANTED—Intelligent men and women to solicit subscriptions for our New Book. Has absolutely no superior. Make no engagement till you see it. Just the thing for the holiday season—takes on sight.

FIRESIDE PUB. CO.,
20 North Seventh St., Philadelphia

NOTICE.—The second and partial account of John A. Blair and John Lloyd, Assignees of N. J. Freidhoff, has been filed in the Prothonotary's office of Cambria county, and will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas of said county for confirmation on the first Monday of December next. JOHN C. GATES, Proth'y.

Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 14, 1882.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer who will give me their Express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned having been appointed auditor to distribute the funds in the hands of Joseph Criste, Trustee to sell the real estate of William They, Sr., deceased, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on *Thursday, Nov. 30th, 1882*, at two o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, when and where all persons interested must attend or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

A. V. BARKER, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Nov. 6, 1882.-3t.

EBENSBURG PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers for sale at a low price and on easy terms his LOT, 124 by 124 feet, situated in the West ward of Ebensburg borough, and having thereon erected a two-story Plank Dwelling House, Plank Stable and the necessary outbuildings. Good water in abundance on the premises. If not sold by Jan. 1st, 1883, it will be for rent. For terms, etc., apply to T. J. CONDON,

West Elizabeth, Allegheny Co., Pa.

Nov. 10, 1882.-6t.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE
Of Valuable REAL ESTATE!

BY virtue of a precept under the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to public sale, at the *Court House, Ebensburg, Pa.*, on

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1882,

At 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, the property of Emanuel Diehart, late of Carroll township, deceased:

A Certain PIECE or PARCEL of LAND situate in Carroll township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded as follows: Beginning at a post; thence, by land of John Misel, south eighty-nine degrees, east one hundred and ninety-nine and one-half perches, to a beech corner; thence, by land of John Akley, north ten degrees, west eighty-two perches, to a post; thence, by land of heirs of Joseph Davis, west, or nearly west, one hundred and seventy-nine and one-half perches, to a post; thence, south, or nearly south, seventy-five and one-half perches, to a post, the place of beginning, containing 79 Acres and 116 Perches, more or less, nearly all cleared, having thereon erected a two-story Frame House and a Frame Barn. There is an excellent Orchard on the premises.

TERMS OF SALE.

One-third of the purchase money to be paid at the confirmation of the sale, one-third in one year thereafter, and one-third at the death of Appolonia Diehart, widow of said Emanuel Diehart, deceased—the latter two payments, with their interest, payable annually, to be secured by the bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

WM. H. SECHLER,
Trustee to sell Real Estate of Emanuel Diehart, deceased.

NEW FIRM!

HARRY W. EICHER. CHAS. H. LATTERNER.

IN ALTOONA'S
Largest and Cheapest
CLOTHING HOUSE!
Eicher & Latterner,
Successors to A. J. Anderson & Co.,
1308 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa.,

HAVE just received and opened the largest and finest stock of Fall and Winter CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES, SATCHELS and GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS of all kind, that has ever heretofore been brought to the Mountain City. Our stock embraces the greatest variety, finest fabrics and latest styles of made-up clothing for men and boys that can be found in the market. All goods warranted as to quality and make, and full value for the purchaser's money guaranteed in each and every instance. Our Cambria county friends and all others will do well to give us a call. EICHER & LATTERNER.

Altoona, Oct. 13, 1882.-tf.

E. G. CLARK,
Of Reynoldsville, Jefferson Co., Pa.,
WANTS
Five or Six Good Men
TO MAKE SHOOK.
GOOD STAVES and GOOD PRICES
PAID FOR THE WORK.

Real Estate at Private Sale!

THE undersigned offers at private sale a valuable FARM, situate in Munster township, one mile west of Cresson, containing 185 Acres, about 46 Acres cleared, having thereon erected a large two story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, PLANK STABLE and necessary outbuildings. There is an orchard of choice fruit trees and an abundance of good water on the premises. The land is in the vicinity of good markets, and is well adapted for farming and raising stock. For terms apply to

JOHN E. SCANLAN,
Sept. 1, 1882.-3m. Ebensburg, Pa.

WM. H. SECHLER, Johnstown, Pa. M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.

SECHLER & KITTELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
JOHNSTOWN AND EBENSBURG.

OFFICES in Luther & Green's large brick building, corner Main and Clinton sts., Johnstown and in Colonade Row, Ebensburg. [7-1,'81.]

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of T. J. Lloyd, dec'd, (first door) Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14-tf.]

R. L. Johnston. M. J. Buck,
F. A. Shoemaker. A. W. Buck.
JOHNSTON,
SHOEMAKER & BUCK,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.

Money Received on Deposit
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the Principal Cities
Bought and Sold, and a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTED.
Accounts Solicited.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

Ebensburg, March 19, 1880.-tf.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency.
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1881.-1y*

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office on Centre street, nearly opposite the new Court House. [3-12,'82.-tf.]

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Ebensburg, Pa.
☞ Office on Centre street, near High.

44th Season
22d Year.

The present autumn is the 44th season of Oak Hall. From the day our doors were opened we have been keeping strict faith with the people, and we therefore expect the statements we now make to be accepted.

One Million Dollars

is the value of our present stock of clothing and materials for men and boys' wear. Never in the history of the clothing trade has there been so large a venture in a single store. The stock is

Absolutely Complete

in styles and sizes. Every man or boy of regular shape can be fitted, all tastes can be pleased, and every reasonable idea of price can be satisfied. Our

Great Manufacturing Organization

goes on without interruption to supply all deficiencies. Besides all other work we are new putting in stock from 1200 to 1500 new overcoats every week. By giving the

Best for the Least Money

and keeping the greatest stock of clothing in America, we expect to command the trade of all the country about Philadelphia.

Our new catalogue will be sent by mail when requested.

Wanamaker & Brown,
Oak Hall,
Sixth and Market Streets,
Philadelphia.

P. S. Balloon News.

The many thousands of visitors that witnessed the ascent of the Oak Hall balloons during the Bi-Centennial Celebration may be interested to know what became of them.

No. 20.—Left Oak Hall Tuesday, October 24, at 11.55 A. M. Captured the same day near Union Mills, N. J., by Clayton D. Gaunt.

No. 24.—Left Oak Hall Wednesday, October 25, at 12.10 P. M. Captured at sea, at 7 A. M., October 27, in latitude 39° 10'; longitude, 73° 45'; by Captain John L. Moule, of the schooner F. E. Hallock, from Philadelphia, for Albany, N. Y.

No. 22.—Left Oak Hall Thursday, October 26, at 1 P. M. Probably went to sea, with a stiff westerly breeze. Not heard of yet.

No. 23.—Left Oak Hall Friday, October 27th, at 2.30 P. M. Captured near Freehold, N. J., on same day by Horatio Clayton.

THE ELECTION BEING OVER,

People can 'settle down to business again, and the first thing for them to do, if they want to do right, is to

Visit the Store of V. S. Barker & Bro.,

AND EXAMINE THE IMMENSE STOCK OF

WINTER GOODS

WHICH THEY HAVE JUST PUT UPON THEIR SHELVES.

THEY HAVE WATERPROOF CLOTHS in ALL SALEABLE COLORS.

THEY HAVE CLOTHS FOR LADIES' SACKS IN VARIOUS SHADES AND FABRICS.

THEY HAVE FINE FLANNELS FOR LADIES' and CHILDREN'S COATS AND DRESSES.

THEY HAVE the BEST STOCK of WOOLEN BLANKETS EVER BROUGHT TO EBENSBURG.

THEY HAVE the ONLY COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF CLOTHING IN TOWN.

They have, in short, everything you need to make you comforiable so far as in their power lies.

DON'T FAIL THEN, to CALL, BUY and BE HAPPY!

GREAT BARGAINS
TO BE HAD AT THE
GOLDEN EAGLE CLOTHING HOUSE
COUCH'S NEW BUILDING,
Corner Eleventh Avenue

FISH THAT CRY.

As early as Aristotle's time the voice of the fish has been recorded as an existing fact, and the choiroe, common in the river Chitor, was famous for its vocal sounds. Sir Emerson Tennent was so fortunate as to hear the sounds made by fish directly from the water. It was during a visit to Battacaola, on the northern coast of Ceylon. Drifting upon the the lake one calm evening he hears curious musical trills and notes, varying in tones and intensity, coming up from the bottom. Some appeared like the sounds obtained by rubbing the rim of a wine glass, while others were distinct and sharp, coming in quick succession and ending in a prolonged note. The noise made by the great reddish hogfish of the gulf has often been heard by the writer. They make a curious roaring or grunting sound. According to some who claim to have heard it, the eel produces the most curious sound of all fishes. It makes a curious intonation often repeated, which has a decided metallic resonance. The Emperor Augustus firmly believed that eels could talk, and pretended to understand their language. Probably the loudest sounds are made by the drum or pig fish of the Jersey coast. When being hauled in they make such a noise that it can be heard quite a distance, and easily contorted into appeals and lamentations by an excited imagination. The matter has been investigated by Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, and he is of the opinion that the sounds comes from the belly of the fish. The maigre—a European fish—makes a remarkable cooing noise, accompanied by a croak or groan. The most active noise maker was a fish (Haemulon) found in southern waters. It was a yellow and mottled fellow, with mild, intelligent eyes and large mouth, and on one occasion, when one was hauled up, it immediately began such a series of groans and grunts, ending finally in shrieks, and the sympathetic captor tossed it back into the water.

A variety of the maigre in South America makes a noise resembling a bell. Sir John Richardson, while off the coast of South Carolina was one night prevented from sleeping by the noise made by drumfish. Lieutenant John White also states that on his voyage to China, when his ship was anchored off the Camboya river, the sailors were much astonished by the curious sounds that issued from the water, resembling the bass of an organ, mingled with the tones of a bell, the croaking of an enormous frog and the twang of immense harp strings. These sounds swelled into a gentle chorus on both sides of the ship, and were attributed to a school of fish. A similar occurrence in the South Sea was described by Baron Humboldt. The sailors were greatly terrified early one evening by an extraordinary noise in the air like the beating of tambourines, followed by sounds which seemed to come from the ship, and resembling the escape of air or boiling liquid. Later these strange sounds, which was judged proceeded from a school of "seioenides" ceased.

Over fifty varieties of fish are known to produce sounds, each more or less different. Many fishermen are familiar with the curious notes of the gizzard-shad, known to science as the "Lorosoma," the sound being vibratory and also agreeable. The mullet, so common in Southern Florida, and which often attains a large size, makes a very strange sound, quite prolonged, and during its utterances bubbles of water are seen rising from the water above it. The catfish makes a humming sound and the sea-horse utters, not a whining or a neigh, but a series of single sharp notes. In many cases the sound is produced by the pneumatic duct and blader; while other fishes make an involuntary noise by the lips or the pharyngeal or intermaxillary bones. In the fishes trigla and zeus there is a diaphragm with muscles for opening and closing the swimming bladder, and by its action the sounds are graded and qualified. The voice of the catfish and eel is produced evidently by forcing air from the swimming bladder into the æsophagus, and the sea horse made its noise by the use of certain vibratory and voluntary muscles, and to all intents and purposes the sounds are comparable with these made by other animals, expressing, perhaps, the emotions felt. Their air bladders are homologous to lungs, and the pneumatic duct is analogous to the trachea or the higher vertebrates.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

The common account of the man in the moon, that he is the individual the Israelites stoned for gathering sticks on the Sabboth, is probably only a modernized version of a much older story. The earliest form of the many similar stories seems to be that the moon as a man, and a far seeing one, has a power over mankind which he can exercise at will for their hurt or punishment. In the Edda, the moon takes up too children who were doing nothing more than carrying water pots on their shoulders. In Swabia, children who look out of windows are still sometimes cautioned against being carried off by the man in the moon; nor are they allowed, in imitation of the hare in the moon, to make the figure of a hare on the wall with the finger. In the same district the sin of the man in the moon was simply that of working in his vineyard by moonlight; while according to another version, a woman was taken up for spinning at her window by moonlight, and it is a common thing to hear it said, "Leave off work or you will go to the moon."

Stories therefore of the moon which connect the punishment of a residence there with offences against morality or Christian ordinances, may be supposed to have less antiquity than those which connect it with no sin at all or with sin against the moon itself. For instance such stories as the Bohemian one that the moon, having warned a thief against stealing pears, took him up when he persisted in doing so; or the Tyrolese and German tales that the moon carried of a rascal who went about at night striking sheep with a fork, or who held brambles over the moon to conceal his theft of a horse, of cabbage, cherries, fish or chees—seems to be the adaption of a more primitive belief to a changed and somewhat advanced state of thot' rather than the expressions of the earliest notions on the subject. The further addition to these stories that the thief or profane sabbath breaker bears his load of cabbage or sticks for all eternity, as an eternal warning to mankind, seems an additional corroboration of this hypothesis.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

How To Keep Lard.—"Betty," contributes to the Germantown *Telegraph* the following method of keeping lard sweet, which is worth a trial, at least:

When the scraps are just beginning to get brittle and brown, put in a tablespoonful of fine salt to a quart of the hot lard, and there will be no trouble; the lard will keep perfectly sweet for any length of time, and the salt does no possible harm to any kind of cookery. A person can easily judge of the quantity of lard if they know how much the kettle holds. It makes the lard white and and harder, aside from preserving it sweet. It must cook a little after adding the salt. That designed for summer use should be either kept in a tight earthern jar or a tin bucket with a cover To restore lard toat is a trifle tainted, put the lard into an iron kettel, and cut up salt pork in thin slices—about half pound of pork to a gallon of melted lard; add two spoonfuls of salt, and let it cook until the pork is crisp; take out the slices of pork and turn the lard into your jar, and you will never know that it has not always been sweet. But it is better to salt in the first place, as it saves much trouble and time.

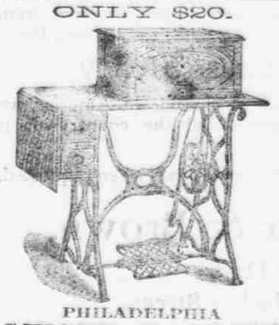
ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., New York. [9-28,'82.-1y.]

ONLY $20.



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SINGER MACHINE

Equal to any Singer in the Market.

The above cut represents the popular style for the people, which the undersigned offers for sale at the wonderful low price of $20. This machine has given perfect satisfaction wherever used, and is *guaranteed for the term of three years.* Remember that we are here and all the time and that you not only have every opportunity to examine the machine and see it in operation, but you know where to come to get your money back if the machine don't do exactly as represented. You will therefore consult your own interests by buying the Philadelphia Singer Machine and buying from no one but W. J. HUCK,
16-2-6m.*] Buck's Mills, Allegheny Twp.

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GEN. DODGE'S brand new book, entitled

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OUR WILD INDIANS!

A true record of the Author's *Thirty-Three Years Personal Experience among our Indians.* Copyrighted. With an able Introduction By *Gen. Sherman.*

This new work was at once subscribed for by *President Arthur*, and a *notice Colonel*, and by *Gen. Sherman, Gen. Grant, Gen. Sheridan, Gen. Hancock*, and thousands of Eminent Men. GEN. GRANT says: "*It is the best book on Indian Life ever written.*" Bishop WILEY (Methodist) says: "*It is the only reliable one.*" It is the only authentic account of our Indians ever published, fully revealing their "inner life," secret doings, exploits, etc. It is replete with thrilling experiences of the Author, and of famous Scouts, Trappers, Hunters, Early Settlers, Border Battles, etc., vividly portraying Life in the Great West as it now is. *324 thousand in press.* With Fine Engravings and Superb Chrome-Lithograph Plates in 15 colors, from photographs made by the U. S. Government, *expressly for this great work.*

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PE-RU-NA pleasantly agrees with every one—the young, the old, the middle-aged, the babe and the mother.

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In Liver and Kidney diseases, and in Chronic Catarrh, it has positively no equals. It never fails.

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For Fever, Diarrhœa, or Kidneys, take

Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles $5.00.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

MAY-A-LIN

CATARRH Ely's Cream Balm

Effectually CLEANSES the nasal passages of Catarrhal virus, causing HEALTHY SECRETIONS, allays inflammation, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment *will cure Catarrh, Hay Fever, &c.* Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. On receip of 50c will mail a package.

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IS A SURE CURE

for all diseases of the Kidneys and

—LIVER—

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. If you are suffering from Malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

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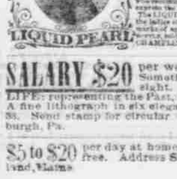

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"A TRUE BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER."—Shakespeare. BEAUTIFYING AND PRESERVING THE COMPLEXION. Removes Freckles, Tan, Pimples, Blotches, &c. OPINIONS OF NOTED LADIES. LOTTA—It is the best preparation for the complexion I have ever used. CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG—I have used it for years, and have found it all that is claimed. The celebrated poet "Lucile Pearl," and Mrs. Langtry, "The Jersey Lily," pronounce it unequaled. The LIQUID PEARL has been prepared by CHAMPLIN & CO., Portland, Me. Sold by druggists. Price 75 cents. CHAMPLIN & CO., Portland, Me.

SALARY $20 per week to live agents. Something new. Sells on sight. THE TEMPLE OF LIFE; representing the Past, Present and Future. A fine lithograph in six elegant tints. Size, 22x28. Send stamp for circular. KIMES & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. [11-5.-2m.]

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. [4-7,'82-1y.*]

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Have Signed or Endorsed the Following Remarkable Document:

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Gentlemen:—For the past few years we have sold various brands of Porous Plasters. Physicians and the Public prefer Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster to all others. We consider them one of the very few reliable household remedies worthy of confidence. They are superior to all other Porous Plasters or Liniments for external use.

Benson's Capcine Plaster is a genuine Parmaceutical product, of the highest order of merit, and so recognised by physicians and druggists.

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You will be disappointed if you use cheap Plasters, Liniments, Pads or Electrical Magnetic toys.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

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HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S

GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister, or business man exhausted by mental brain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

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If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION.—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N.Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

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FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

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on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

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THE MILLER BROS CUTLERY Co.

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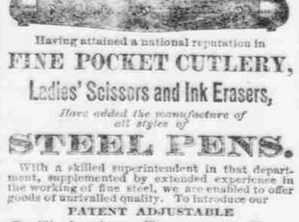

Having attained a national reputation in

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Ladies' Scissors and Ink Erasers,

Have added the manufacture of all styles of

STEEL PENS.

With a skilled superintendent in that department, supplemented by extended experience in the working of fine steel, we are enabled to offer goods of unrivalled quality. To introduce our

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Quill Action, Reservoir Pen,

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in advance of regular trade channels, we show cut of it, and will mail a sample gross to any address on receipt of $2.

Carries as much Ink as any Fountain Pen.

THIS PEN FITS ANY HOLDER.

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BEES—THE WINTERING PROBLEM.

At the near approach of returning winter the question "how can we most successfully preserve our bees?" is being discussed with redoubled interest. The disastrous mortality of the winter of 1880 and '81 taught our most successful apiculturists the important lesson that the most successful of their number do not know all that is worth knowing on the subject, Experimental knowledge seemed to be contradicted; established rules overturned and science refuted. Men who by the world had been esteemed for their wisdom bore no trophies of success or victory, and the long road traveled furnished no finger-boards to direct us in the path. Some said last winter that the observance of a few well-defined regulations would insure uniform success. A full supply of winter stores, warmth secured by the use of chaff cushions or similar protection, and proper ventilation, were the most important requisites of success. As before intimated, during last winter and spring, theories set up and based upon past experience became as visionary dreams, and whether or not the result left us any lesson of value, is still a matter of uncertainty.

A few days since, while at the farm of my neighbor S——, he called my attention to two colonies of bees kept by him during the severe weather of last winter. He started in with two colonies and they both wintered well, sent out three strong, natural swarms during the early summer, and are well supplied with honey for winter. One of the hives had a hinged door which occupied one side entire. The door become so warped that it could not be closed during the preceding summer, and the combs had been built out three or four inches beyond the sides of the hive, and during the entire winter and spring of 1880 and '81 that colony of bees stood entirely unprotected (the open side facing the west), the snow and rain beating into it. Talk about double-walled hives, division boards and chair cushions! Those two swarms (the second hive was no better than the one described) seem to offer a premium upon neglect and carelessness. This man has not a neighbor who, by the adoption of every "new-fangled notion" of modern invention, can show a percentage of loss so small as his own, while he never thinks it possible that his bees need any more protection or warmth than the chimney tops upon the roof. I transferred a colony that wintered well with holes through the sides of the hive into which I could put my hand. Are we to attribute these examples to accident or do they furnish a lesson which it is well to heed? It is not possible that, goaded by our zeal to do our work well, we are doing it altogether well, or, in other words, that we have doctored many of our bees to death? with tight division boards upon the sides, or with double wall hives and heavy chaff cushions on the top, is it not possible that ventilation is insufficient?

Now I hope my bee-keeping friends will not turn up their noses and consign me to the dark ages of the past. I am as eager as any of you to take any substantial step forward, but the facts as related exist, and how to explain them away by the light of modern scientific apiculture, I know not. Please give me light.—*C. T. Leonard, in Ohio Farmer.*

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

A mountain sheep weighing two hundred pounds was recently killed in Arizona.

Rosetta Day, aged 110 years and a native of Virginia, is an inmate of the Washington almshouse.

A strange and curious animal was recently killed by a hunter in the State of Morelos, Mexico. It was about the size of an ordinary donkey, of a greyish color and very thick hair, and its upper lip was some four or five inches longer than the lower one.

The honor of kissing the toe of the sultan of Turkey is reserved for the vizier, ministers and certain privileged pashas. This homage is observed with the utmost solemnity, and is marked by every sign of respect worthy of so important an occasion.

The early Greeks and Persians used marine signals, making them not by flags, but by the position of their sails and by holding shields in various positions. A code of flag signals was made in 1420 by a Venetian captain, and the first English signal was introduced by James II., Duke of York.

In the fifteen and sixteenth centuries the Counts of Kaerfenberger kept in their castle a breaker holding two quarts and challenged guests to drain it at a draught; but since 1380 very few have been able to perform the feat, and since Prussia became a kingdom it has not been performed at all.

Oswaldus Norbingerus, who was famous for his minute contrivances, is said to have made 1,500 dishes of turned ivory, all perfect and complete in every part, yet so small, thin and slender that all of them were included in a cup turned out of a peppercorn of the common size. They were almost invisible to the eye.

Some months ago a curious freak of nature occurred on the farm of Robert Jackson, about six miles west of Middleville, Barry county, Michigan. In a corner of one of his fields, where there had never been any appearance of water and where the land was high and dry, a stream of water about the size of a man's body suddenly burst forth. A large oak tree which stood in close proximity was prostrated. The water was highly charged with sulphur.

What Smokers Use.—A new fact has come to light connected with cigarettes, that one would think would arrest the growing practice of smoking them, especially by women. The finer sensibilities of women have hitherto been sufficient to prevent the general use of tobacco in any form by them. But there are women to-day who use cigarettes, and the use tends to a degradation altogether beyond what comes of being a slave to the vile weed.

It is now known that old, castaway cigar stumps are used in the manufacture of cigarettes. Boys are employed to gather them from hotels, bar-roooms, side-walks; from wherever they are thrown. Collectors buy them of the boys and send them to manufactories by the barrel. No matter how disgusting the spot whence they are picked; whether from spitton with its dangerous saliva, or the gutter with its filth, the foul refuse finds its way into the mouth and nostrils of the cigarette smoker.

But this is not all Many a smoker throws away his cigar because he does not like the flavor of it. He does not know why the flavor is unpleasant to him, but it is caused by nicotine—the active principal of tobacco, and a violent poison. This accumulates in the base of the cigar with every draught of the smoke, and the man noticing the unpleasant flavor, throws the stump away. This reservoir of nicotine finds its way into the cigarette, and the person who smokes it gets in a condensed form the poison which so often works mischief on the brains of habitual smokers.

But even this is not the worst of it. These cigar stumps have been in the mouths of all sorts of men—drunkards; fast yonng men, and rotten old rogues, whose very kiss or touch, or even the pencil they hold in their mouths, might communicate the foulest and most fearful disease that ever comes to a human being.

—Horseshoes made of three thicknesses of green rawhide compressed in a steel mould are used to some extent in England. They weigh about a quarter as much as an iron shoe, and are said to wear longer.

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA.

At Ephesus, the capitol of the twelve Ionian cities in Asia, stood the famous temple of Diana. The building was destroyed by fire the night that Alexander was born. It was set fire to by Eratostratus, a native of Ephesus, with no other view than to immortalize his name. His fellow-citizens, however, passed a decree forbidding his name to be mentioned: nor would it have been known had not Theopampus introduced it into his writings. Hence the incendiary has come down to our time as the "youth who fired the Ephesian temple."]

Alexander made an offer to rebuild the temple provided he could inscribe his name on the front, which the Ephesians refused. Aided, however, by the whole of Asia Minor, they erected a still more magnificent temple, which occupied them 220 years. Pliny describes it to be 450 feet long by 220 broad. Cherisphorn was the architect. It was built of cedar, cypress and even gold; and in it were treasured offerings to the Goddess Diana which almost exceeded computation. Nero is said to have despoiled the temple of many of its treasures; but it existed until it was finally burned by the Goths, A. D. 56—268. Vitruvius considers it as the first edifice in which architecture was brought to perfection, and the first in which the Ionic order was employed.

Ephesus, once the pride of Asia, is now represented by a poor village of a few cottages, and a castle and a mosque built from fragments taken from the ruins of Ephesus, half a mile distant. The stadium, now converted into a cornfield, the theatre, the circus, and the magnificent gymnasium, may all be distinguished in outline, and their area is strewed with fire fragments. There is a particular part of the entablature of a Corinthian temple, which, in the richness and variety of its ornaments, as well as in their fine execution, has perhaps never been surpassed. But it is not without difficulty and even doubt that we can determine the spot where stood that proud boast of antiquity—the temple sacred to Diana of the Ephesians. All that constituted the splendor of the edifice—its columns, of which 27 were the gifts of kings, its work of art, comprising the masterpiece of Appelles and Praxitelles, and the one column sculptured by Scopas—have disappeared. After the great temple had been repeatedly pillaged by the Parparians, Justinian removed the columns to adorn the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople. The temple site can now be identified only by the marshy spot on which it was erected, and by the prodigious extent and magnitude of the arches raised as a foundation. The vaults formed by them compose a sort of labyrinth. There is not an apartment entire, but walls of immense blocks of marble, in front of which are perforations wherein were sunk the shanks of the brass and silver plates with which the walls were faced—these and shafts of columns are all that remain of this splendid edifice, once pointed out as that which all Asia worshipped, when the people cried out in their enthusiasm, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" to whom such a temple belonged.

A Few Simple Remedies.—A teaspoonful of charcoal in half a glass of warm water often relieves a sick headache. It absorbs the gasses and relieves the distended stomach, pressing against the nerves that extend from the stomach to the head.

Charcoal forms an unrivalled poultice for wounds and sores. It is also invaluable for what is called proud flesh. It is a great disinfectant. It sweetens the air if placed in shallow dishes around the apartment, and foul water is also purified by its use.

For bruises or sprains bathe the part in cold water until you get ready a decoction of wormwood and vinegar. When the herb is fresh gathered, pound the leaves, wet with vinegar, and when the herbs are dry put it in the vinegar, and let it boil a short time; then bathe the bruise with the decoction and bind on the herb.

There is nothing better for a cut than powdered resin. Get a few cents' worth, pound it until it is quite fine, put it in a cast-off spice box with perforated top; then you can easily sift it on the cut.—Put a soft cloth around the injured member, and wet it with water once in a while; it will prevent inflamation and soreness.

When one has a bad cold and the nose is closed up so that you cannot breathe through it, relief may be found instantly by putting a little camphor and water in the centre of the hand and snuffing it up the nose. It is a great relief.

Hoarseness or tickling in the throat are best relieved by the gargle of the white of an egg, beaten to a froth in a half glass of warmed, sweetened water.

Hemmorrhage of the lungs or stomach are promptly checked by small doses of salt. The patient should be kept as quite as possible.

A good remedy for warts and corns: Drop a little vinegar on the wart or corn, cover it immediately with cooking soda or salaratus; let it remain ten minutes. Repeat several times a day for three days, and the warts and corns will be gone.

Lapland.—In Lapland the sun never goes down during May, June or July, but in winter, for two months he never rises at all. His place, however, is somewhat supplied by the wonderful northern lights, which flash and flicker in the grey skies. They look like fires of a thousand shapes and colors. Now like clowns, now like domes, now like flashing nets, and now like steamers of silk; now like arches and now like banners—these welcome visitors make a night beautiful.

As long as the unwearied sun goes round and round the sky in summer, the Laplanders live in tents made of poles and skins; but when Jack Frost approaches with a scowl on his brow, the house of thick sod becomes a very snug home. The Laplanders creep into it on all fours, along a sort of tunnel. A hole in the roof lets in a little daylight, or rather moonlight, and lets out what smoke there is from the sooty lamp. The lamp is made of stone and is filled with seal oil, and answers many purposes. It cooks food, dries wet clothes, keeps the house warm and affords light.

The Laplander likes brandy, but happily for him, it is very scarce. He has often to be contented with snuff instead of which he takes, you may be sure, many a good pinch. For nine months of the year the ground is of a dazzling whiteness, and the cold is intense. In July and August, on the contrary, the heat is almost intolerable. The Laplanders are a very small nation. Perhaps there are not above seven thousand of them. Part of them are called 'Reindeer Laplanders,' and part 'Fishing Laplanders.' The former live on their herds some possessing many hundreds; the latter dwell near the lakes and fiords. The greatest plague of Lapland is a plague of gnats. Their numbers are incredible.

The latest swindle on farmers which generally succeed on those who take no papers, is outlined in an exchange as follows: Two rogues watch the papers for stray notices, and when one is published one of them goes to look at the animal. Of course on application the unsuspecting farmer shows the beast and the fellow decides that it is not his, and returns to his partner and describes the animal minutely. No 2 then goes to the farmer and after proving by a thorough description that he is the owner of the animal, says he can't take it away and offers to sell it at a bargain. The farmer buys, and the rightful owner comes and claims the animal, and of course the farmer is out so much.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY AT

Hasson's New CHEAP STORE,

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IF YOU WANT ANY OF THE

Honest Goods at Honest Prices

EMBRACED IN THE FOLLOWING LIST:

ALUM,	DRIED APPLES,	NEEDLES,
ALLSPICE,	" CORN,	NUTS,
AXLE GREASE,	" PEACHES,	OILS,
BAKING POWDER,	DRESS LININGS,	ORANGES,
" SODA,	EXTRACTS and ESSENCES,	PENS,
BEANS,	FIGS,	PENHOLDERS,
BLACKING,	FISH,	PEPPER,
" BRUSHES,	" HOOKS,	PINS,
BLUEING,	" LINES,	PIPES,
BORAX,	FLOUR,	PRUNES,
BRAID,	FRUITS,	RAISINS,
BR'KFAST BACON,	GINGER,	RICE,
BROOMS,	GINGHAMS,	ROPE HALTERS,
BUTTONS,	GUN CAPS,	SALT,
CALICOES,	" POWDER,	SARDINES,
CAMPHOR,	HAIR PINS,	SCISSORS,
CASTOR OIL,	HAMS,	SCRUB BRUSHES,
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CARPET TACKS,	HOMINY,	SHIRTINGS,
CANNED APPLES,	HOOKS and EYES,	SHOE LACERS,
" CORN,	HOSE,	SHOT,
" PEACHES,	INDIGO.	SILK TWIST,
" PEARS,	INK,	" THREAD,
" TOMATOES,	JELLIES (all kind),	SOAPS,
CHEESE,	LAMP CHIMNEYS,	SPICES,
CHEVIOTS,	" WICKS,	STARCH,
CHOCOLATE,	" BURNERS,	STOCKINGS,
CIGARS,	LAUDANUM,	STOVE POLISH,
CINNAMON,	LEAD PENCILS,	SUGARS,
CLOVES,	LEMONS,	SUSPENDERS,
CLOTHES PINS,	LINEN CRASH,	SWEET OIL,
COFFEES,	MACARONI,	TEAS,
CORN STARCH,	MATCHES,	THREAD,
CORSET JEANS,	MOLASSES,	TUBS,
CMCBS,	MUSLINS,	WASHBOARDS,
CRACKERS,	MUSTARD,	WASHING SODA,
CREAM TARTER,	NAILS,	WOODEN BUCKETS,
OURRANTS,		YEAST POWDER,

AND MANY OTHER ARTICLES TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION.

NO OLD GOODS OF ANY KIND!

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PURE FRESH GOODS! | NO MISREPRESENTATION! | BOTTOM PRICES!

LINSEED and MACHINE OILS, PAINTS, VARNISH, PUTTY, TURPENTINE, WHITE LEAD, COLORS, (Dry and in Oil) BRUSHES, Etc.

Also, a very full and complete stock of

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POCKET BOOKS, PURSES, COMBS, BRUSHES, ALBUMS, PERFUMERY

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PURE GROUND SPICES AND FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

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YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

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—ALWAYS HAVE THE—

Largest and Cheapest Stock of

Dry and Dress Goods,

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to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

C. T. ROBERTS,

DEALER IN

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, GROCERIES,

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RELIABLE GOODS. HONEST PRICES. FAIR DEALING.

G. HUNTLEY

HAS RECENTLY REOPENED HIS

TIN-SHOP DEPARTMENT

UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF A

PROFICIENT AND ACCOMMODATING WORKMAN.

REPAIR WORK, HOUSE SPOUTING and ROOFING

ATTENDED TO ON SHORT NOTICE AND AT LOWEST PRICES.

IMPROVE THE HOUR.

TRADE MARK.

Guenther's Lung Healer.

For the Cure of Consumption, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh of the Chest, Dyspepsia, and all Pulmonary Organs. Price, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Sold all by Druggists.

GUENTHER & CO., Proprietors. PITTSBURGH, PA.

Worth $6,000,000 and No Children to Inherit His Wealth.

Every [illegible] in Ebensburg [illegible] carriage and driver. [illegible] strong, clean limbed beasts, but [illegible] pings and grooming evince a discreet appearance. The carriage is free from gaud and style. The old gentleman who steps and enters the bank is the richest man in Maine, ex-Governor Abner Coburn. His wealth is estimated at $6,000,000 or $7,000,000, but can only be approximated. He and his brother, Philander, owned at one time timber lands worth $4,000,000 in Michigan and Minnesota. The brother is now dead. Besides his large possessions in Maine, the ex-Governor is said to own extensive timber lands in the region of Puget Sound. They are no heirs to his property but nieces. He was never married. His only living brother, Alonzo, is in very feeble health, and the ex-Governor will probably survive him. There is no one to perpetuate the Coburn name. Of eight brothers, not one has left a male heir. The last of them, Stephen's son, was drowned with his father a few months ago. Ex-Governor Coburn is eighty years old and is, for more reasons than one, a remarkable man. In appearance he is remarkable, but exceedingly well preserved. The frosts of eighty winters have given his head and face a whiteness that at first startles one, and invariably evokes a feeling of profound respect in approaching him. Time has laid a kindly hand upon him. His memory was never better. His sentences are quick, clean-cut and business-like. His own efforts and astuteness have accumulated his immense fortune. He was a farmer's boy. He was born in Skowhegan, about three miles out of the village. He lived on the farm till 1840, when he entered into the lumbering business, from the profits of which, mainly, have come his present possessions. He began as a surveyor and an explorer. He penetrated the wilderness of hundreds of mils, and in his adventurous and hardy pursuits gained the knowledge and skill which led to his profitable investments in timber land. He is still actively engaged in lumbering, and personally directs and superintends the management of his affairs. He has neither a clerk to keep his accounts nor a secretary to write his letters. If a man comes in to buy a township of land, he conducts the negotiation and makes all the calculations himself. If another man comes in to pay a note the millionaire of eighty years computes the interest with his own hand. He writes all his letters and mails them himself. He frequently comes to the postoffice of a morning with a whole armful of letters. He makes no display of his wealth whatever. Until recently he hasn't had a coachman, even. He is extremely charitable, and no man whom he believes deserving appeals to him in vain.

ANY MORE LEFT!

A FEW OF THE TROUBLES OF A BEVERIDGE GROCERYMAN.

A dozen years ago a farmer came into [illegible] troit with a load of potatoes and sold them to a grocer. A dispute arose as to the quantity. The farmer felt himself cheated out of [illegible] bushels and he left the grocer with a sore eye. The grocer was a man who meant to keep even with all men. He therefore took his affidavit to whip that agricultural [illegible] within an inch of his life and the latter awaited the madder he got. At the end of a month, seeing no prospect of catching the farmer in town, the grocer hired a horse and buggy and drove out to the farm to have it out. When within three miles of the place he encountered a man on the highway, and inquired:

"Can you tell me where old Silver lives?"

"Yes; going to buy cattle of him?"

"No, sir! I'm going to pound him with his boots!"

"I guess not! I'm old Silver's son, and you've got to whip me first."

The grocer jumped out and a battle resulted. He polished the son off but it was a tight squeeze. He had not gone half a mile when a man who was husking corn near the fence hailed him with:

"Did you have a fight down there?"

"Yes."

"Who whipped?"

"I did."

"Well, that was my brother you were fighting; and ma